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FAME AND FORTUNE WEEKLY

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SEEKING A LOST TREASURE OR, THE NERVE OF A YOUNG EXPLORER

By A SELF-MADE MAN

CHAPTER I.—The Ancient Mariner.

"I am the only white man who ever saw the hidden city of the Andes and lives to tell the tale," said the old sailor, wagging his head solemnly.

There was a sad, reminiscent look in the speaker's watery eyes, which seemed to indicate that if he chose to tell all he knew about his experiences in connection with the city aforesaid he could make his listeners' eyes bulge with wonder. It was a radiant morning late in the spring. Frank Dudley and his chum, Arthur Hale, two bright American boys, had come to the private wharf on the Dudley property, situated on the banks of the Hudson, not far from the town of Irvington, to fish, and there found the old sailor, with hook and line nad basket, seated on the end of a string-piece, apparently in a blissful unconsciousness that he was trespassing on private domains. He was a square-built, grizzly, horny-handed son of Neptune, with a countenance bronzed to the color of mahogany from constant exposure to the sun and wind.

A short briar-wood pipe was stuck between his tobacco-stained lips, and a suspicious-looking, round-bellied bottle reposed by his side. It was hard to say which was the more highly colored—the point of his large, luminous nose or the bowl of his pipe; both were fine examples in their way, and showed what constant practice will accomplish in the ornamental line. A pair of particularly bright eyes glowed beneath the rim of a well-worn hat, and he had cocked these upon the two boys as they came upon the wharf. He had no right right on the private dock, and Frank Dudley, when he first saw him, intended to give him a broad hint to that effect; but on second thought he didn't. They had hardly cast their own lines into the river before the ancient mariner commenced to talk to them.

He said his name was Tom Cox, and wanted to know what theirs was. They obliged him, though Arthur Hale whispered to his chum that he thought the intruder had a great cheek. The fish didn't bite very well on this occasion, and the boys would soon have tired of the diversion but for the fact that the old sailor was in a talkative mood and entertained them with a stock of astonishing yarns which he emphatically de-

clared were founded on his own personal experiences during fifty years' wanderings about the world. Finally something reminded him of the city of La Puz, in Bolivia, and then he told the boys that thirty years before he had accompanied a party who attempted the ascent of Mount Illimani in the Andes range. He had got separated from the bunch, and subsequently losing his footing on the snow-encrusted ground, had slid down the mountain-side to an unknown depth without injuring himself in the least.

While trying to extricate himself from the mountains he only succeeded in making his way further into the range. Eventually, thousands of feet below the snow line, he had unexpectedly come upon a town, the houses of which were built entirely of pure silver, or some burnished stone resembling that metal. The town was buried, he said, in a green and fertile valley in the very heart of the Andes range, at no great distance from the elevated city of La Paz. The inhabitants he discovered were descendants of the Incas of Peru. They had no more knowledge of the outside world than the outside world had of them. They were born, lived and died in the valley ever since their ancestors, generations before, settled there. Cox at this point in his yarn made the assertion with which this chapter opens.

"What an old liar this fellow is!" whispered Arthur Hale in his companion's ear.

The ancient mariner regarded the boy with suspicion, as if he had some idea what was passing in the lad's sober face.

"It must have been a wonderful town," remarked Frank, with a sober face.

"It was the most wonderful town I ever saw in my life, and I've seen several since I first went to sea," replied Mr. Cox with equal gravity.

"And you say the houses were built of pure silver?"

"If it wasn't silver, it was something that looked jest like it," replied the ancient mariner, nodding his head sagely.

"And were the door-knobs and other little things of that kind made of pure gold?" asked Arthur, with an unbelieving grin.

"No, they weren't," snapped the old sailor. "There weren't no door-knobs, nor no doors, neither."

SEEKING A LOST TREASURE

"Didn't you see any gold at all?" asked Arthur, surprised that the sailor did not include that precious metal in his yarn.

"Sure I did. There was gold cups, and gold ornaments, and all kinds of gold gimcracks."

"And did you bring a few away with you?" went on Arthur, with a sly twinkle in his eye.

"No, I didn't," answered the sailor, shortly.

Mr. Cox gave a snort of disgust.

"I was lucky to get away with a whole skin, without thinkin' about no sich nonsense," he said emphatically.

"How did you manage to make your escape, Mr. Cox?" asked Frank.

"I jest walked out of the valley one mornin' after I'd been there a week with a bundle of food strapped to my back, and climbed the mountain passes in the direction I thought La Paz was, and after a week's wanderin' I met a native Injun, who directed me how to find my way to the city."

"I suppose you told all about your adventure when you reached La Paz?" said Frank.

"I did, of course."

"And what did the people say?"

"They said there was a legend about a silver city buried in the heart of the Andes, but no man had ever been there and come back again."

"But you had been there and come back, hadn't you?"

"Sure I had; but no one believed me. They said it didn't stand to reason; that Americans had a great imagination, and so on. They didn't exactly call me a liar, but I could tell that they thought I was one."

"It's too bad that you didn't bring some evidence of the buried city with you," remarked Frank.

"I was lucky to bring myself back."

"And that was thirty years ago?"

The ancient mariner nodded.

"And I s'pose the buried city is there yet?"

"I reckon it is."

"Unless it's been swallowed up by an earthquake."

The old sailor nodded again.

"You say you lived at the place for a week?" said Frank.

Another nod from the old man.

"What kind of people were the inhabitants?"

"Sort of copper-colored."

"How did they dress?"

"Most of the men went naked, except for a kind of breech-cloth. They wore a band of silver or white metal about their heads, and carried spears when not workin' in the fields. That was the common herd. The big-bugs wore long gowns of whitecloth, had a gold band around their heads, and wore ornaments sich as armlets and wristlets, with precious stones stuck into them accordin' to their rank."

"And what about the women?"

The women folks dressed in white cloth, too. They wore armlets, and wristlets, and head bands, either of gold or silver, accordin' to how important they was. They also wore earrings, and necklaces, and finger rings."

"How were you treated while you were there?"

"Bang-up; but I got an idea they meant to burn me up on one of their altars; that's why I made tracks away from the place."

"Burn you up, eh?" Why?"

"As a part of their religious rites."

"What kind of worship did they have?"

"Seemed to be a kind of sun worship, as near as I kin remember."

"The ancient Peruvians reverenced the sun as the source of their royal dynasty, didn't they?" put in Hale, looking at his friend.

"I believe they did," replied Frank. "I know I read that their Temple of the Sun, in Pizarro's time, was the most magnificent edifice of the empire. If they had any intention of burning you up as a victim to their god, it's a wonder they let you get away from their clutches."

"I reckon they didn't think I could get away."

"They kept a watch on you, I suppose?"

"If they did, it wasn't a very good one, for when I made up my mind to leave I found no trouble in skidooing."

"You had to climb up through the mountains to reach La Paz, which is nearly twelve thousand feet above the level of the sea?" put in Arthur.

The ancient mariner nodded.

"How did you know what direction to go in?"

"I didn't know. Just took my chance."

"You must have had a nice time of it. Supposing you'd gone in the wrong direction, where would you have fetched up at?"

"I reckon I'd died of starvation."

"It's a wonder you didn't organize an expedition to go in search of the silver city. You must have had some idea where it was after having been there."

"Young man, I wasn't a fool," replied the old man, regarding Arthur severely. "Even if I'd been rash enough to want to go huntin' for it, I couldn't have found anybody willin' to go along with me."

At that moment the ancient mariner had a bite, and he drew up a very small specimen of the finny tribe. The boys laughed at his look of disgust as he removed it from the hook and cast it back into the water. Evidently he had had enough of fishing, in that particular spot at least, for he coiled up his line, put the round-bellied bottle and small string of fish into his basket, and seemed ready to leave the wharf. The boys also wound up their lines, Frank picking up the half-dozen fish they had jointly secured.

"We'll see you to-morrow, maybe," remarked Frank, as the three walked up the wharf. "I should like to hear more about the silver city."

"All right, young gents," leered the ancient mariner. "I'll be proud and happy to tell you all I kin remember."

They parted from the old man at the head of the dock, and, though they came down next morning at the same hour, and for many mornings thereafter, they never set eyes on the old sailor again, nor could they find any signs of him in the neighborhood, nor find anybody who had noticed him in those parts. He had vanished as suddenly as he had appeared, and the boys agreed that his advent and departure were as mysterious as was his remarkable narrative of the buried city of the Bolivian Andes.

CHAPTER II.—The Abduction.

Frank Dudley and Arthur Hale were sons of well-to-do residents of the village of Irvington.

on-the Hudson, and they lived close together. They attended a military school in the neighborhood, as day scholars, and were regarded by the faculty as two of the brightest pupils. Frank, who was captain of one of the companies, pitched on the baseball team, and quarter-back and captain of and football eleven, was easily the most popular boy in the academy, while Arthur Hale was a close second. Mr. George Dudley, Frank's father, was a prominent civil engineer. He was employed by the Panama Canal Commission, and was at the Isthmus in charge of a certain part of the work then under construction. It had been arranged that Frank and his friend Arthur were to spend part of their summer vacation at the Isthmus with Mr. Dudley, then go to the town of Panama and take the steamer for San Francisco, returning East by rail. Frank and his chum were delighted with the prospect before them, and could talk of little else during the remainder of the school term.

The time finally arrived for them to go to New York City and take one of the Pacific Mail Company's steamers for Colon. The site of Colon is by nature a rank tropical swamp, and most of the houses are built, like prehistoric lake dwellings, on piles in a black swamp. To the boys, on their arrival, it seemed a most unattractive looking port. Mr. Dudley was on hand to greet them, and he took them to the best hotel in the place, where he stopped himself. Next day he carried the boys out to the scene of operations on the canal. Here they saw hundreds of Colombians and Chinamen at work in gangs of fifty or less, in charge of native foremen. At first the boys were much interested in watching what was going on at this busy hive of industry. Along the line of the railroad, too, they saw ample evidence of the wreck of the French Panama Canal operations in the fields of abandoned machinery, much of it never put together, and more put together, but never used—the whole invaded by tropical growth, and standing on the edge of the rank swamp through which the track runs.

"I've heard it said that the French company spent three hundred millions in five years," remarked Frank, as he and Arthur were looking at a long row of abandoned dredges in the water. "In my opinion it was the most gigantic case of graft on record."

"I'll bet it was," replied Arthur, with a grin. "If I were a politician all this devastation would make me green with envy."

On the third day after their arrival at the Isthmus the boys were introduced to a fine-looking American gentleman named Alfred Seabury, who immediately invited them to spend a week at his place, which was ten miles from the town of Bujo, on the Panama railroad. Mr. Dudley was well acquainted with Mr. Seabury, and consequently he had no objection to the boys accepting the invitation. Accordingly, on the following morning, Mr. Seabury and the two boys took the morning train, which ran through to Panama, forty-five miles from Colon, and after a brief halt at the station and village of Caton, on the Chagres River, went on to Bujo, where they alighted from the cars. A handsome, American, two-seated wagon, with a light cover to ward off the sun's rays, was waiting at the station, with a native driver.

"Get in, boys," said Mr. Seabury. "We've a ten-mile drive before us; but the road is good, and the country much more interesting than what you have seen along the railroad."

"I'm glad to hear that, sir," replied Frank; "for I've never seen a worse-looking country than that part of the Isthmus we've already been over."

"That's my opinion, too, Mr. Seabury. The village of Gaton, where the train stopped for a few minutes, seems to be made up of rows of plank huts with iron roofs, as like one another as peas in a pod, the only exception being a corrugated iron church in the center."

"You'll find a great improvement on all that out where I live; but you can't expect to find things like they are in the States," replied the gentleman, with a smile.

It took about an hour and a half to reach Mr. Seabury's property, which was situated just within the canal zone or new State of Panama. It was a cross between an American high-class farm and a Spanish hacienda. The house was one of the most pretentious in the neighborhood, and built to conform to the requirements of the climate. Mrs. Seabury was a handsome woman, a native Colombian, and she welcomed the young visitors in a broken English that fell charmingly from her lips. The Seaburys had one child, a golden-haired little beauty of ten years, named Bessie—the idol of her parents and the pet of the hacienda. Frank took a great fancy to her at once, and Bessie appeared to return the feeling with interest. The boys were shown over the place, and found a great deal to interest them. The estate had been laid out with an eye to landscape gardening. Charming arbors were erected at pretty points of view. Under the shadow of splendid trees they found a brick-lined swimming bath, excavated in the ground, with a little bathing-house built beside it, and a streamlet flowing through—an ideal place for a plunge.

"If the young señors would like to go in the water they will find bathing dresses in the house," said their conductor, a man by the name of Enrique, who was a kind of majordomo on the estate. As it was a steaming hot day, the boys eagerly availed themselves of the opportunity, and were soon disporting in the pond.

"I say, this is great," exclaimed Arthur, after taking a header from the spring-board. "You couldn't improve on this anywhere."

"That's right," nodded Frank. "I'll race you to that staging yonder."

"It's a go," cried Arthur. "One, two, three—go!"

Frank won by a head. They stayed in fifteen minutes, and felt greatly refreshed after their bath.

"We'll have a go at this twice a day while we remain here," said Arthur, as he dressed himself. "I wouldn't miss it for a farm."

"What's the nearest town to this place?" Frank asked Mr. Seabury on the afternoon of the third day of their visit.

"Bujo. I'd take you to see it, as it's a typical Colombian town, only for the fact that the country is a bit disturbed over the ceding of this ten-mile strip of territory for canal purposes to the United States under the nominal title of the State of Panama, and the Colombians are a bit

hot over it. They've been threatening to resort to arms to recover it, which, of course, would be very foolish on their part. At any rate, they've taken a temporary dislike to Americans on account of the matter, and for that reason I'd rather not take you to Bujio."

Bessie was sitting in Frank's lap, with her golden head on his shoulder in a most confiding way.

"Why don't you run and play with your dogs, Bessie?" said her father. "Don't you see them sitting yonder waiting for you to romp with them?"

Bessie, with reluctance, left her new friend, jumped off the wide balcony, and calling to her three pets, who sprang toward her the moment she appeared on the grass, began to make them go through their favorite tricks. Mr. Seabury and the two boys watched her from their chairs on the balcony. Bessie was just making one of her canine pets stand on its hind legs, when a bright flash, followed by a puff of white smoke and a loud report, came from a patch of green shrubbery that bordered the lawn. The child uttered a thrilling scream, and the dog she had been holding up by his front paws fell dead on the ground.

"My Heavens!" ejaculated Mr. Seabury, springing to his feet, an example followed by the surprised boys. "What does that mean?"

The three had hardly risen from their chairs, when a hatless, dark-featured man rushed out from the shrubbery and sprang at the little girl as she stood stupefied and dazed, looking at her dead pet. He snatched Bessie in his arms and made for the road as fast as his legs could carry him.

CHAPTER III.—At Bay.

Mr. Seabury, white with excitement and anxiety, dashed after the man, who was carrying away the screaming child in his arms. Frank and Arthur followed close at his heels. They were both staggered by the incident, which they could not understand. The man and child vanished through the gate, and when the distracted father reached the road he saw the villain spring with his little prisoner on the back of a horse and gallop off toward Bujio at headlong speed. At that moment Enrique ran up with a shotgun in his hands, which he leveled across the gate at the fleeing rascal.

"You will hit my child," exclaimed Mr. Seabury, staying his hand. "He is bound for Bujio, and we must follow him on horseback."

"It is that scoundrel Carlo Sarrogog, whom you turned away last week for theft, almost howled the old servant, with whom Bessie was a great favorite. "He shot at the child, missing her and killing the dog; and then, to make sure of his revenge, he has carried her off with him. He is a bad man. I will get horses while you get your revolvers. We will catch him before he reaches the town, and I will kill him as I would a—"

"Yes, yes!" interrupted Mr. Seabury, half frantic over his loss. "We will follow him at once. Quick, Enrique, bring the horses and let us be off!"

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Frank, as the owner

of the place and his sturdy old servant hurried away. "This is tough on Mr. Seabury."

"Bet your life it is," replied Arthur.

"I feel like taking a hand in this myself," said his chum. "I can't bear the idea of that little girl being at the mercy of such a ruffian. I'm afraid he'll get clear off while they're getting ready to pursue him."

"I don't see what we can do in the matter. We can't run after him on foot."

"No," replied Frank, with flashing eye and bated breath, "we can't, that's true. If we only had a pair of horses."

"Or a bicycle apiece," supplemented Arthur.

The words were hardly out of their mouths before a couple of horsemen dashed around a turn in the road leading from Bujio and presently drew up before the boys.

"Is Senor Seabury at home?" inquired one of the riders in English.

"Yes, sir," replied Frank. Then he added quickly: "We'll take your horses."

The gentlemen dismounted and started to walk up the driveway.

"Now is our chance," said Frank to Arthur, in a tense tone. "We can't stand on ceremony. Every moment counts. Mount the other horse and we'll start after that rascal Serrogog, if we have to follow him all the way to Bujio, where Mr. Seabury believes he is bound."

"All right, Frank," replied Arthur, promptly. "I'm with you."

In their enthusiasm the boys forgot that the abductor of little Bessie was armed with a revolver; but even if they had recollect ed it we doubt if that fact would have deterred them from making this effort to rescue the little girl. The boys leaped on the animals, and digging their heels into their flanks, started them at a hot pace on the road to Bujio. The boys had covered perhaps six miles of the distance to Bujio, when, as they rounded an elevated turn in the road, Frank, who was a dozen lengths in advance, caught sight of Serrogog in the distance, with the child seated in front of him on the horse's neck. Serrogog disappeared around a distant bend in the road, his animal giving signs of distress. Frank lashed his horse with the bridle-rein and bent low over his neck. The beast responded with a fresh burst of speed, and the boy soon reached the turn around which the abductor had vanished. He was just in time to see the villain dismount in front of a roadside house and, with Bessie in his arms, lead the animal through a gate. Frank at once reined in and waited for Arthur to come up.

"Stop!" he cried, grabbing at his chum's arm.

"What's the matter?" asked Arthur, pulling in.

"We must go slow now," said Frank. "The fellow has stopped at yonder house and gone into the yard. Draw up alongside the hedge here and we'll consider what we had better do."

"I thought he was going on to Bujio," said Arthur, following the example of his companion, who had dismounted.

"His horse has given out," replied Frank, "and he has taken refuge in that house. No doubt he is known there, and it won't do for us to run into a hornets' nest. It's growing dark fast. We'll wait here for a while and watch the road to see he doesn't make a new start with a fresh horse."

Mr. Seabury and old Enrique ought to be along presently. Then the four of us can storm the building together."

So they waited, giving their mounts a needed breathing spell. Thus fifteen minutes passed away, and still there was no sign of Mr. Seabury and his faithful old servant.

"They ought to be here by this time," said Frank. "I don't think we could have got over ten minutes' start of them."

Another five minutes passed, and still there was no sound of horses' feet in the road behind them.

"Maybe they've taken a short cut to Bujo," suggested Arthur.

"I don't think there is such a thing, for if there was, surely Serrogog would have taken it himself. He ought to know the country as well as any one."

"That's right," answered Arthur; "he ought."

It was now as dark as it ever would be that night, and the boys had walked their horses close up to the roadside house. They saw a light shining from a second-story window, and also lights on the ground floor.

"Well, what are we going to do?" asked Arthur, at length.

"You hold my horse," replied Frank. "I am going forward to investigate."

Then he pushed his way through the hedge and disappeared. He made his way cautiously to the rear of the house, where there were no lights, and tried one of the doors. It opened at his touch, and he entered the place as softly as he could. The building was only a two-story affair, like many of the houses in tropical countries, where earthquakes are a common occurrence. The lower floor seemed to consist of a public drinking room in front, and a kitchen and other living apartments behind. The sleeping rooms were above where Frank was aiming for. He opened the first door he came to and found the room untenanted. He then tried the next room, and was disappointed to see no signs of Bessie. A third room, overlooking the back yard, was next tried. A cheap kind of lamp burned dimly on a plain wooden table. As Frank's eyes roved around the room his heart gave a great bound, for there, stretched upon a bed, lay Bessie, apparently unconscious.

"Now to carry her away without the people in the house getting wind of my movements," thought the plucky boy, as he closed the door behind him and crept to the bed.

A Mauser rifle stood near a chest of drawers close by, and Frank seized and cocked it, ready for an emergency. Then he shook Bessie softly, holding his hand above her mouth to stifle any frightened cry she might utter at being aroused. She made no movement, however, and the boy looked at her in some alarm. He bent down and found that she was breathing heavily. He shook her harder than before, but she appeared under the influence of some drug.

"The villain has stupefied her in some manner," he thought, raising the girl in his arms.

At that moment he thought he heard sounds in the hallway below. Fearing that his retreat was cut off, he turned to the window, opened it and looked out. It was only a short jump to the ground below, but the question was, could he do

it without injuring Bessie. While he was considering the matter the door of the room was thrown open and Serrogog entered. He took in the situation at a glance, and his surprise for the moment held him spellbound to the spot. The momentary inaction on his part was all that saved Frank's life. With an oath, and some inquiry in Spanish, unintelligible to Frank, he drew his revolver and raised it to fire.

But the boy comprehended his danger in the twinkling of an eye and, dropping Bessie on the bed, grabbed up the rifle. Serrogog, with an oath of rage, pulled the trigger of his weapon, and a loud report rang through the house, startling its other inmates. The bullet hummed past Frank's ear. The boy, seeing that his life was in grave peril, for the rascal was cocking his revolver for a second shot, raised the rifle quickly and fired, with scarcely any aim. Serrogog clapped his hand to his breast, spun half around, with a terrible cry, and fell headlong to the floor. At that thrilling moment two fierce-looking men appeared at the open doorway.

CHAPTER IV.—The Rescue in Panama Bay.

Frank, now full of fight, from his toes up, covered the two men with the rifle.

"Throw up your hands!" he roared in a tone of voice that showed he meant business.

The two men made no effort to comply with the command, as they did not understand a word he had said. They did understand, however, that they were in danger of being shot, and both made a jump to get out of range. They collided and went sprawling on the floor as Fred fired at them without effect. At that moment the front door was burst in downstairs with a crash that rang through the building and raised screams from a couple of women.

"I hope that's Mr. Seabury and Enrique, with Arthur," breathed Frank, rushing toward the door and covering the men, who had tried ineffectually to make their escape from the room.

"Frank! Frank!" came ringing up to him from below in his chum's well-known tones.

"Hello, Art!" he roared back through the open door. "I'm upstairs."

Immediately there were hurried steps on the stairs, and presently Enrique, followed by Mr. Seabury, Arthur and the two gentlemen whom the boys had deprived of their horses in so summary a manner, appeared at the entrance of the room. Enrique pounced upon the fallen rascals, while Mr. Seabury sprang into the room.

"My Bessie?" he ejaculated feverishly.

"She is safe," replied Frank, pointing to the bed.

"Thank heaven!" cried the gentlemen fervently, rushing up to the bed and raising the child in his arms. "Bessie, darling, speak to me. Speak to papa!"

But it was out of her power to do so, for she had been drugged.

"Great heavens!" cried Mr. Seabury, in agony. "What can be the matter with her?"

The other two gentlemen stepped forward at that moment, and one of them, after looking at Bessie, said she had evidently been stupefied with some preparation to keep her quiet.

"The infernal rascal!" cried the excited father. "To do such a thing to my poor child! Where is the scoundrel?"

"I had to shoot him to save my life, sir," spoke up Frank, pointing at the motionless figure of the abductor, as he laid near the door with cocked revolver still clutched in his right hand.

"You did right, young man," said Mr. Seabury. "Is he dead?"

"No," replied one of the gentlemen, who was kneeling by his side, with his hand over the rascal's heart. "He is not dead, but he is badly wounded. The rifle ball passed entirely through his body. It will require the opinion of a surgeon to pass upon his chances of recovery."

"Such villains are better under ground," said Bessie's father. "You are a plucky lad, Frank Dudley."

As a matter of fact, Serrogog did recover in the end, though he had a narrow squeak for his life. He lays for weeks on his bed, and when well enough he was put in jail, duly tried for his crime, convicted, and passed many years of his life in a Colombian prison at hard labor—a fate he richly deserved. A week later the boys, having tired of Colon and the Panama Canal, took the train for the town of Panama, on the Pacific side of the Isthmus. This place has some of the dignity and picturesqueness of an old Spanish city, and the boys found it a decided improvement over Colon. They had a week to wait before they could get a steamer for San Francisco, but they did not think time would hang very heavy on their hands during that interval, for there was a good deal to interest them in the place.

On the second day of their stay the boys hired a small American-built sailboat and went out on the bay. Frank was an expert boatman, and Arthur was almost his equal, so that they did not hesitate to take this sail in strange waters. They shaped their course for a pretty, wooded island about a mile and a half off the town.

"Here comes a sailboat around yonder point of the island," said Arthur, pointing the craft out to his companion.

"I see it. Whoever is handling her seems to be a pretty rocky navigator," answered Frank, watching the wobbling gurations of the boat.

"She'll be over in a brace of shakes if that chap doesn't look out, said Art, presently.

The words were hardly out of his mouth before the catastrophe happened. The sailboat heeled over on her beam ends and spilled her passengers—a dark-skinned native and a white boy—into the bay.

"We must pick them up," said Frank, steering the boat in the direction of the two unfortunates.

The native swam lustily toward the partly overturned craft, and soon succeeded in climbing up on her hull and supporting himself by the guy rope that held the mast taut. The boy was not so fortunate.

"While still a dozen yards away the boy weakened and sank out of sight.

"He's gone," cried Arthur, excitedly.

"Oh, he'll be up in a moment. Grab that boat-hook and stand ready to hook onto him when he comes to the surface."

Arthur snatched up the boat-hook and gazed eagerly out over the waves.

"There he is now," exclaimed Frank, pointing,

at the same time moving the tiller a bit to port. The boy was sinking for the second time, when Hale inserted the hook under the collar of his jacket and drew him a foot out of the water. With Frank's assistance Arthur hauled the almost unconscious boy into the boat and laid him face down in the cockpit, while Frank headed for the overturned craft to take off the other victim of the disaster. The boy they had rescued showed signs of recovery. He turned over on his back and then sat up, rubbing the water out of his eyes.

"How do you feel?" asked Arthur, at last.

"I feel rather shaky," replied the boy. "I'm awfully obliged to you chaps. You've saved my life. I held out as long as I could, but I'm not much of a swimmer. If it hadn't been that you came to my aid I should surely have been drowned."

"We're mighty glad we reached you in time. It would have been hard luck if you had been lost."

"It would have been rough on my governor if I had been drowned. He lost mother a year ago, and I'm the only one he's got left. My name is Fred Leslie. What's your name?"

"My name is Arthur Hale, and this is my chum, Frank Dudley."

Glad to know you both. You are Americans, aren't you?"

"We are. We live at Irvington-on-the Hudson, in New York State, when we're at home. And you?"

"I'm English," young Leslie replied. "My father is the Hon. Edward Leslie, M. P. We are on the way to La Paz, Bolivia, to do the mountains."

"You don't say!" answered Arthur.

Their conversation was interrupted by Frank calling on his friend to lend a hand to help the native Colombian out of his unpleasant predicament. In a few moments the man was safe aboard the sailboat, and Frank, bringing their craft about on the other tack, headed for shore.

"Who was steering the boat when she upset?" asked Fred.

"I was," replied Leslie, looking a bit sheepish. "By the way, I think you said you were going to Bolivia."

"Yes," said Leslie.

"I wish we were going with you," Frank said.

"Maybe it could be arranged. My governor would be glad to take you. Where could I see you?"

"Art and I are stopping at the Panama House."

The boat had now reached the landing and the boys as well as the native Colombian landed. Leslie insisted on the boys coming up to the hotel with them. They went, and met the former's father. Upon Fred's stating the boys' case, Mr. Leslie said he would be very happy to include the boys in his party, and the trip wouldn't cost them a cent. Mr. Dudley upon learning they would be guests of Mr. Leslie made no objections to the boys going with him. So next morning all hands boarded a train, which soon was climbing up the mountain side.

Sixteen days later they reached the city of La Paz. The latter part of the journey was made by automobile. It was at the hotel that Frank broached the subject of the buried city

of the Andes. Of course Fred was surprised and Arthur thought that Frank had given up the idea of hunting for the treasure of the buried city. But Frank stated the buried treasure had never been out of his mind since he had heard it out of the old sailor's mouth. Then a long conversation anent the subject was entered into which lasted until lunch hour. That afternoon they visited an old monastery on the outskirts of the town. One of the fathers showed them about the institution. The most interesting part of the old building was the museum. This contained many specimens of the handiwork of the ancient Peruvian Incas.

Frank brought up the subject of the buried city and the old monk pricked up his ears and turned a strange look upon the boy, and stated he would like to hear the story the boy had in mind, whereupon Frank launched out and told it in detail and the monk listened with interest. After Frank had finished the old monk stated that efforts had been made two hundred years before to learn the truth or falsity about the buried city, or Silver City, as he called it, but nothing came of it, and the idea had been dropped of ever finding it. After leaving the monastery and arriving at the hotel the subject again came up and they finally decided to make a trip to the Convent of the Black Brotherhood, a two days' trip into the heart of the Andes.

So seeking the landlord of the hotel, and stating their intention, he furnished each of the party with a good stout mule, and one cool morning a few days later the party started with a guide, from whom they learned that the convent was a long, low building situated on the edge of a fathomless abyss, and that the Black Brotherhood dressed in black gowns and never spoke, but carried on their conversation by means of signs. They traversed many a dangerous spot on their journey—narrow paths beside high cliffs, where if it was not for the surefooted mules they were likely to be dashed hundreds of feet onto the floor of the canyon below. When the shades of night were falling they came to a series of precipices, down the sides of which they slowly pushed their way.

"Yonder is the Convent of the Black Brotherhood," said the guide to Frank, pointing to a low, rambling building perched upon the summit of a high rock below them. They finally reached the outer gate of the convent, at which the guide rapped loudly. Presently a face appeared at the wicket, then it swung open, as if they were expected, and the boys found themselves within the walls of the Convent of the Black Brotherhood.

CHAPTER V.—The Monastery of the Black Brotherhood.

The monk who admitted them was dressed in a coarse black gown, held at the waist by a piece of rope which had been dyed black, and his head and face were concealed within the folds of a black hood. He pulled a dangling rope that hung from the ceiling of the lodge, and a bell rang out three times on the still night air. It was the signal that strangers had arrived to partake of the hospitality of the brotherhood for the

night. Presently two other monks, similarly attired, made their appearance, and each grasping the leading rope of a mule, led them into a courtyard, the boys and the two men following. Not a word so far had been spoken, and the lads themselves were silent, under the impression that all conversation was barred, though such was not the case with respect to outsiders. The visitors were led to a lavatory, where they washed, and then were conducted to a reception-room, where they were left alone. It was a plain, rather cheerless-looking apartment, lighted by two narrow slots of windows placed out of reach. The only illumination after dark was a swinging bronze lamp full of some kind of oil, on which a small taper floated. As may be supposed, it gave out a dull light, leaving the corner of the room in the grasp of the shadows.

"This is a queer old place, isn't it?" whispered Arthur. "Puts one in mind of an old dungeon."

"It does," replied Frank, in a low tone.

At that moment a tall, bony monk walked into the room as silently as a shadow and paused before them. The guide, who was no stranger to the convent and its people, explained, in Spanish, not a word of which the boys understood, that the three lads had come from La Paz to visit the convent and pass the night there. The superior nodded and left the room as he came.

"What a ghostly-looking chap that was," said Arthur. "Is he the boss of the place?"

The guide said he was, and added that they would presently be conducted to the refectory or eating-hall. In a short time another black-robed monk appeared and made a sign for them to follow him. He led them to a room with a low ceiling of rafters only, the furniture of which consisted of a long table surrounded with three-legged stools. At one end five plates were spread, with knives and forks, cups, saucers and spoons, all of the plainest description. The visitors took their places at the table and were waited on by another monk. When the party had ate all they wished, another monk appeared and led them to the bell tower, whence they had a view in the moonlight of the great black void on the edge of which the building stood.

"I shouldn't want to drop down into that awful depth," remarked Fred, as he hung over the wooden parapet.

"I should say not," replied Arthur.

Then they looked up and around at the wild, precipitous crags of the great Andes standing out in bold relief in the moonshine, or lost in the deepest of shadows. Each of the visitors was shown to a separate, cage-like room, fitted with a small iron bedstead and a three-legged stool. The novelty of the situation kept Frank awake for some time. Every quarter of an hour a bell clanged softly somewhere in the courtyard. Following the fourth quarter the hour was tolled. Frank heard the bell twice, then he fell into a dreamless sleep, from which he awoke to find the sun shining through the slit of a window that opened above the precipice. He dressed himself and made his way to the lavatory, where he found Arthur before him.

The guide and the other man soon appeared. There were no signs, however, of Fred. A monk soon appeared and ushered them into the refectory again, where their breakfast awaited them.

"Hello!" remarked Arthur, "there are only four plates. Where's Fred's?"

Fred called the attention the guide to this circumstance. He spoke to the attendant monk. The recluse produced a pad and pencil and wrote something in Spanish, which the guide translated to the boys.

"Your companion had his breakfast two hours ago."

"Two hours ago!" exclaimed Frank, in surprise.

"And went outside the convent."

"Oh, all right," answered Frank. "He's stuck on the scenery around here, I guess, and rose early to take a good look at it."

"Do you want to go out in the fields?" asked the guide, after breakfast.

The two boys said yes, so the guide led the way out into the little valley, where a dozen of the monks were working. Their hoods were thrown back on their shoulders, so the boys got a view of their rugged, solemn faces. After spending half an hour in the fields, Frank, Arthur and the guide returned to the convent, expecting to find Fred waiting for them. There was no sign of him, however.

"I wonder where he went?" said Frank.

He asked the guide to make inquiries. The man found a monk who had seen Fred take the path down the mountain about two hours before.

"Where does that lead to?" asked Frank.

"To the foot of these precipices," answered the guide. "No one goes down there—at least, not very far. He'll be back in a little while."

So the two boys hung around the monastery gate, waiting for Fred to return, but an hour passed and he was still absent.

"Some accident may have happened to him," said Frank, anxiously. "We ought to go down the path after him."

"I'll send Sancho down," said the guide.

Sancho was the man who looked after the supplies. He was instructed and sent down the precipice pathway. Dinner-time came and Sancho had not come back with information about Fred.

"I'm almost sure something has happened to him," Frank said to Arthur. "He wouldn't remain away in this fashion if he could help himself."

After the monks had had their dinner a place was made for the two boys and the guide and the meal was served to them. Hardly had they finished their dinner before Sancho made his appearance. He reported that he had not seen Fred, but had found a paper attached to a tree a thousand feet below. It had writing on it, in pencil, which he could not understand, and he had brought it back with him. To the boys' surprise, it proved to be a communication from Fred, as follows:

"Am following a strange clue that seems to point to the Silver City. If I don't return by noon, and you find this, follow me through tunnel below.
Fred."

CHAPTER VI.—The Clue.

"We've simply got to follow him," said Frank, after reading the paper out aloud to Arthur. "It's more than an hour past noon now."

"I'd give something to know what kind of a clue he's found, replied his chum.

"The only way to find out is to go after him."

"That's what we'll do. Put it up to our guide."

Frank explained to the man that they had decided to follow their companion down the cliff. The guide, however, objected strenuously. He said it was a perilous undertaking to any one not accustomed to mountain climbing; and there was nothing to see that warranted the risk.

"But Mr. Leslie's son has done down there, and he wrote on that paper that he wants us to follow him through a tunnel to some point he did not specify."

The guide shook his head, and said that he'd send Sancho on again, after he had had his dinner, with instructions to bring Fred Leslie back. This did not satisfy the boys, excited as they were over Fred's intimation that he had found a clue to the buried city. They insisted that all four should go on until they overtook their companions. A good deal of argument on the subject ensued, but Frank was firm in his demand, and in the end the guide reluctantly yielded. He insisted that the scheme was foolish, and that the risk must be on their own heads.

"All right," replied Frank. "The risk shall be ours. We don't propose to let Fred get into any trouble if we can help it."

Half an hour afterward, preceded by the guide and followed by Sancho, with a bundle of provisions on his back, Frank and Arthur started down the narrow pathway which wound around the giant cliffs. They soon found, as the guide had warned them, that the journey was full of danger, particularly to persons inexperienced in such kind of traveling. But the two boys possessed their full share of American pluck and endurance, and they were not going to be outshone by an English lad, who showed nerve enough to lead the way alone. Their path was beset with small rocks and huge boulders, and often encumbered with shrub-like growths just coming into leaf. The descent finally led down to a gully, where Sancho pointed out the tree on which the paper had been secured.

"There is a tunnel below here," said Frank. "Fred wrote that we should follow him into that."

The guide shrugged his shoulders, and they went on till they came out into the broad slope, which stretched steeply down into the heart of the range, narrowing as it went. To descend further in a straight line without ropes and mountain pikes was practically out of the question, and the guide called their attention to that fact.

"That tunnel must be somewhere around here, then," said Frank, "for Fred never went down there."

The boys hunted among the bushes for it, while the men, who seemed to have no interest in this expedition, sat on a rock and conversed together in Spanish. No doubt the reckless conduct of the boys was the subject of their remarks. Frank suddenly came upon a smooth place on the rocks. He gazed at it in surprise, for it was covered with strange hieroglyphics surrounding a pictured representation of the sun. An arrow head pointed into a cleft into the rocks.

"Come here, Art," he called, excitedly. "I guess this is the clue Fred referred in the paper."

SEEKING A LOST TREASURE

9

Of course neither Frank nor Arthur could make head or tail out of the inscription, but the meaning of the arrow-head seemed plain enough.

"Here's a paper stuck against the rock," said Arthur, eagerly grasping it.

It contained the following words in pencil:

"To Frank and Arthur: I am going to see where this tunnel leads to, and then return to the monastery, unless you meet me on the way. The sun inscription on the face of the rock outside was certainly made by Peruvians of the Inca variety. It may have been cut out two or three hundred years ago, but to my eye its distinctness points to a much later origin. The arrow-head pointing into the cleft evidently is significant of something. I believe more than ever in the actual existence of an Inca town buried in the depths of this range. If we can find it, and then be able to return to civilization, it will make us famous."

"Fred."

"I wonder if we are really on the right track to Silver City," said Arthur, eagerly, as they entered the cleft and, striking a match, found that they were in a tunnel that led gently downward.

"Then you are beginning to think that the ancient mariner was not such a liar, after all?" laughed Frank.

"I am not willing to admit that he actually went to the buried city, as he asserted," replied his chum. "He could have picked up enough material in La Paz to manufacture a yarn out of. The fact that he probably sprung a fake story on us that morning does not disprove the theory that the buried city really does exist somewhere in this range."

"That's true; but, still, it's funny that nobody in this progressive age has seen fit to follow the legend up."

"I'll bet lots of people have tried it, but gave up on account of the many perils they had to face."

"Danger only incites the right kind of person to greater effort."

"Admitting that it does, not one person in a hundred venturing this way would have discovered those hieroglyphics and the arrow pointing into this tunnel. They would have turned back after seeing the impossibility of descending the slope except with the help of a long rope. Even if they were provided with every facility for getting down the gully, they would only be going the wrong way, if there is anything in the arrow-head."

"The arrow is plainly intended as a guide to some place," said Frank, "else it wouldn't be cut in this rock. Whether its meaning is of any use at this late day is quite another question."

"Well, let's get a move on," said Arthur impatiently. "We ought to have torches to explore this tunnel."

"They would be a great advantage," admitted Frank; "for there's no telling what pitfalls might spring up in our path. But I'm afraid we'll have to get along without them."

Frank returned to the spot where the guide and Sancho was in the sunshine. The boy explained that he had found the tunnel, down which he was satisfied their companion had gone, and that he and Arthur were ready to proceed. The

guide and his companion followed Frank to the cleft in the rocks and looked in.

"You say he go in here?" asked the man, with a doubtful expression on his face. "How you know that?"

"We found this paper here," said Frank. "Fred wrote it and left it here for us to find when we came this way."

It was evident enough that neither of the men cared to continue on through the tunnel. If Fred Leslie had been foolish enough to venture in there, the guide reasoned that he stood a small chance of coming out again. Frank pointed the arrow out to him, arguing that that was a good sign that the tunnel led to some definite end, but the guide was not convinced of the fact. He advised the boys to give up further search for their companion and turn back to the monastery.

"Not on your life, we won't," replied the boy, sturdily. "We're going to find Fred first. We wouldn't shake him in that fashion. We're not built that way."

The guide didn't understand the English slang expressions used by Frank in his impetuous way, but he did understand that the boys were determined on entering the tunnel. He turned to Sancho and they talked the matter over for a quarter of an hour before the latter reluctantly agreed to accompany the boys.

"We must have torches," said the guide.

"Where are we going to get such things?" asked Frank.

"We make," replied the man.

Four long torches were put together by Sancho and soaked in a resinous gum produced by a tree growing on the mountainside. Lighting these, the party entered the tunnel.

CHAPTER VII.—The Underground Passage.

The tunnel had evidently once upon a time, probably ages ago, been an underground waterway. In no other way could its existence be accounted for. The guide walked in advance, swinging his torch aloft; the two boys followed at his heels, and Sancho brought up in the rear of the procession. The tunnel maintained a uniform height of eight feet and a width of six as they advanced down the slope. They could see nothing ahead of them at any time but intense blackness.

"We appear to be going down into the bowels of the earth," said Fred. "I don't see how Fred had the nerve to come all this way by himself in the dark."

"He's got good backbone, all right," said Arthur in some admiration. "If I had been in his shoes I would have returned to the monastery to get the rest of the party to accompany me."

"If he had come back that would have been the end of the enterprise."

"Why would it?"

"Because Manuel, our guide, would never have consented to come down this way on a purely exploring expedition."

"Not if we had promised to pay him extra?"

"I don't think so. It is only because he knows Fred's father is a person of some considerable importance in England, and has been received in La Paz by all the chief functionaries, that he is

SEEKING A LOST TREASURE

reluctantly putting himself out to search for the boy. He is afraid to return to La Paz and report Fred lost in the mountains. He understands that a certain responsibility attaches to him as our conductor."

"Suppose that we don't find Fred at the end of this tunnel; what do you suppose Manuel will do?"

"I have no idea what he will do. He is a very uncertain proposition."

"If he refuses to go any further, what are we going to do about it?"

"I can't say what we will do until the time comes. I hope to find Fred waiting for us at the far outlet of this underground passage. He would be very foolish to venture into any situation that would make it a difficult matter for us to find him. It's mighty easy to lose oneself in these mountains."

"I'll bet it is. It seems to be plain sailing so far. Even without our guide we could easily find our way back to the monastery from this point."

"That's because we followed a straight path down the cliffs, and we can't very well go astray in this tunnel, so far as I have seen."

"I suppose that's the way Fred figured the matter; but I should think he'd have thought of his stomach. He ought to be hungry by this time, and there isn't any chance of his finding anything to relieve his hunger down here."

"He relies on us to fetch something along."

"That's all right; but it was reckless of him to depend on those papers he put up as guides to his progress and intentions. A wind might have come up and blown them away."

"It's my opinion he merely came down the precipice for the novelty of the thing, for he left no word of his intentions at the monastery. He clearly expected to return long before dinner-time; but when he ran across that inscription on the face of the rock, with its Inca representation of the sun, and saw the arrow-head pointing into the tunnel, his head, already filled with thoughts of the Silver City, got excited over the situation, and he recklessly started to explore this tunnel alone. I am satisfied he has pondered more over this buried city of the Andes than we ever have ourselves. I'll bet he has implicit faith in its existence."

"It would take an awful lot of faith to get me to come down here by my lonesomeness," replied Arthur.

"Fred is an enthusiastic chap. When he gets an idea in his head he follows it out to the limit."

"I call this tunnel the limit," said Arthur. "There doesn't seem to be any end of it. We must have walked a mile already."

"We've come some distance, that's a fact."

"Who knows but we may fetch up in China?" grinned Arthur.

"We might keep on until we reach the foot of the range."

"Down near sea-level, eh? That would give us a twelve-thousand-foot climb to get back to La Paz again—no fool of a job."

"Over two English miles."

The tunnel now swung around suddenly to the left and expanded into an immense rotunda, the roof of which was lost in the obscurity above. Here they saw evidences that man had occupied the place for some purpose not apparent to their

eyes. The solid rock had been cut out in great pillars at one end of the room, if it might be called such, while in a central spot midway between the pillars stood an immense flat rock, which showed that it had been fashioned into its shape by rude implements of some kind. Upon its widest side, facing the length and breadth of the room, was a clear representation of an immense sun, rays flashing away from it in every direction. The stone had been cut away behind to make a platform, four feet lower, and this was reached by a series of wide steps. Manuel, the guide, and his companion, Sancho, were clearly astonished at what they saw, and jabbered together in Spanish.

"Well, what do you thin know, Art?" asked Frank. "Here is more evidence of Inca civilization. I shouldn't be surprised if we were somewhere on the outskirts of the buried city."

"It begins to look like it," replied Arthur. "It has the appearance of either a public gathering place or a temple of religious worship."

"That's what. I should think Fred would have halted here to await our appearance, but there is no sign of him. This is a long distance from the monastery."

"I should remark. I'm getting kind of peckish myself, and we had a good dinner before we started on this trip."

After seeing all they wanted to see, and becoming conscious that their torches would not last much longer, the guide was for retracing their steps and giving Fred up for lost. But Frank would not stand for such a proposition.

To turn back would be to desert their companion, who had gone ahead with the utmost confidence that his friends would surely follow to rejoin him ultimately.

"We've gone too far to turn back now. We're only half a day's march from the monastery, anyway, and we've provisions enough to see us through for several days. I'm going to see this thing out. If you fellows don't want to proceed further, let us have the provisions and you can go back."

That was Frank's ultimatum to the guide, and Manuel was afraid to desert them, lest the consequences descend on his own head. So they hunted around till they found the continuation of the tunnel, now much larger than before, and they continued on into the obscurity, the descent being now noticeably steeper. The course of the tunnel was now tortuous, or corkscrew fashion. For half an hour they kept on, until the last torch dropped to the ground, leaving them in total darkness; then, for fear of an unexpected pitfall, they began feeling their way along the wall. Ten minutes more of this kind of traveling, and then the tunnel seemed to grow less dark.

"Our eyes are getting used to the gloom," said Frank.

"Or else we're drawing near an opening," replied Arthur.

The words were scarcely out of his mouth before they came to an abrupt turn in the tunnel, and they saw a glimmering of light a hundred yards ahead. They hastened their steps, and, reaching that point where the tunnel turned again, they saw the opening and the light of day streaming into it.

"Hurrah!" shouted Arthur. "We have reached the end of this underground passage at last."

All made a simultaneous rush for the open air. They now found themselves in the blight of a narrow valley literally covered with green foliage, while high above their heads rose the rocky sides of the mountain range, till its numerous peaks and crags seemed lost in the blue ether of the sky. They sat down for a needed rest, for they were now aware for the first time that they were fatigued by their long journey through the tunnel.

CHAPTER VIII.—The Buried City.

"It's clear that we're a long way down the range," said Frank, glancing around the spot. "The air feels warm and dense. There's a great difference between this locality and La Paz."

"Well, I should say so," grinned Arthur.

"The important question which now presents itself is—where is Fred?"

"That's so. Where is he?"

As far as the four could see there was not the sign of a human being in that vicinity.

"He has led us a long and anxious chase," went on Frank, "and I think it is high time that he let up on us."

"I think so myself," replied Arthur. "If we leave the mouth of the tunnel we stand a good chance of missing him altogether."

"Oh, we can go a little way up this valley without missing him if he is here, for it's too narrow and open to pass any one unobserved," said Frank.

"We can't stay here long and expect to do anything, for it will soon be dark," answered Arthur. "I vote we eat and then move on."

This suggestion was acted on. Sancho unstrapped his pack and distributed a certain quantity of provisions among the four, which they washed down with cool water from a wicker-covered bottle he had brought along. Rested and refreshed, the party started on once again, with the boys in the lead. After advancing perhaps a fifth of a mile the valley swung abruptly to the right, and then the party was treated to a genuine surprise. Right before them stood a solid-looking one-storied building that had evidently once been white, but it was now stained and discolored by exposure to the weather of numberless years. It possessed several narrow, unprotected openings that served as windows, and a wide doorway without a door. The general color of the building was that of tarnished silver. At right angles to it was another building, of similar size, but of odd design. Diamond-shaped and square panels of a dark stone were set into the whiter rock at regular intervals down to a level with the top of the doorway, while the rest of the structure was put together with a burnished brick, which gave it a silvery effect in such places as had escaped the worst of the weather. Both buildings were tenantless.

"The Silver City!" mechanically escaped the lips of both boys, as they stood and gazed almost open-mouthed at the two houses.

The guide and Sancho also uttered exclamations in Spanish. Whether or not these buildings were a part of the legendary buried city was not yet certain, but the impression produced on the boys

was that they were. The silvery gloss was plain enough in spots to prove that when new they must have closely resembled that precious metal.

"We must be on the outskirts of the town proper," said Frank, in a voice quivering with excitement. "The next turn in the valley may take our breath away."

"Before we proceed further let us examine the inside of these buildings, the one nearest to us," said Arthur. "I am curious to learn how it looks."

"I'm with you," said Frank.

The two men were directed to remain in watch outside. The boys entered the building and found themselves in a wide hall ornamented with tarnished columns that rose to the big ceiling. The floor was of solid stone. A doorway, with a peculiar shaped curved top, led into a large room, also ornamented with columns, and with a continuation of a similar stone floor. A similar doorway, set at a right angle, pointed the way to still another room beyond. The columns in the room they had entered were striped something after the fashion of a barber pole. The curved top of the doorways were formed of blocks of pink and white stone arranged alternately, the pink ones being twice the width of the white.

The sides of the room to the height of about five feet were of white stone. Then came a layer of pink, next a layer of light green, then a double layer of white, with a pink molding along the edge of the ceiling. The ceiling itself was of white stone, with an opening in the center to admit the light and air.

"It took a lot of labor to put up this building," said Arthur, "and yet it does not appear to be furnished in any way. I wonder why such a fine structure was erected away from the city proper, if there is a city further on?"

"The city might have been originally intended to start here, and the people who were bossing the job changed their minds and chose another site," said Frank. "That's the only reason I can think of."

"Well, let's go on and see the rest of the house."

They were about to proceed when there suddenly came the sounds of running footsteps and an old white-haired man, dressed something like a Turk, with red slippers, loose white trousers, a red short jacket, and a round cap, came rushing through the arched doorway of the next room. He stopped on seeing the boys, gazing upon them in a stupefied way. From behind him rose a hubbub of sounds and a rush of footsteps. Four men, one dressed all in red and the others all in white, bearing flaming torches, burst into sight. The old man, who appeared to be fleeing from them, started forward, slipped and fell almost at Frank's feet. Frank and Arthur, scenting danger, drew their seven-shooters. The lights of the torches drew nearer each moment; then the natives ran through the arch. Flinging up his arm and taking a firm grip on his pistol, the boy shouted:

"Stop! I'll shoot the first man who advances!"

The oncoming bunch stopped and stared at the two boys. It was amazement and not the sight of the weapons in the hands of the boys, the deadly nature of which the lads subsequently learned they were ignorant of, that brought them to a halt. They jabbered among themselves in a

strange language, and for the moment did not seem to know what to do. The fellow in red, who appeared to be the leader, issued some kind of an order, and all rushed forward, grabbed the boys and the old man before they could act. The boys put up a desperate struggle and shouted for help, hoping that the guide and Sancho outside would come to their aid. What might have been the outcome of the affair it is hard to surmise but for the appearance of a dozen nearly naked men, of copper hue, who now came on the scene.

Each one of them held a rude spear, and the boys and the old man were surrounded and their capture made certain. Outside another hubbub arose where Sancho and the guide were being overpowered by a score of the copper chaps, who had taken them by surprise. The man in red and his three associates carried the old man back the way he and they had come, while the copper chaps forced the boys into the outer air. A yell greeted the appearance of the lads. With cries of triumph and exultation the four prisoners were hustled forward up the green embankment and around a jutting cliff, where the boys and their two companions caught their first view of the buried city of the Andes—the Silver City of the descendants of the ancient Incas of Peru. Even in the gathering dusk the strange town presented an impressive effect. It consisted of perhaps a hundred or more one-story houses, each erected in the center of a square plot of ground of emerald greenness, and each as like its neighbor as one pea to another. All were lined up with mathematical precision, with a walk composed of fine white sand from the single doorway to the broad, straight street. These streets crossed one another like the squares of a checker-board. Exactly in the center of the town was one building of unusual size and height, as compared with the others, and, instead of a flat roof, was furnished with a great dome, which shone with a weird luster.

At regular intervals all around the four sides of this central building were enormous white columns capped with a ball of glistening metal, similar in luster to the dome itself. Viewed from above and at a distance, the whole town looked like a collection of dazzlingly white model houses set down with great exactitude upon a brilliantly green carpet, with a wide border all around it of emerald-tinted foliage. As the prisoners viewed it from a slight elevation, and close at hand, it presented a truly remarkable picture, and Frank and Arthur did not for a moment doubt that they were actually gazing on the Silver City of the ancient mariner's yarn. But the circumstances surrounding their introduction to it were not of a nature to make them feel particularly happy. There was a sinister purport in the hostile attitude of the natives that caused a chill of apprehension as to their future course up and down their spines. They were prisoners of a strange people, whose habits and customs were probably totally at variance with the rest of the world. A people to whom civilized usages were doubtless unknown, as they themselves were unknown to civilization. In the very heart of the Andes, they could, if threatened with death, look for no help from the outside. In their present situation they were practically dead to the world.

After taking in the wonderful picture as a whole, the boys turned their attention toward the one prominent edifice, in the center of the town, toward which it appeared they were being hurried by the triumphant squad of natives who surrounded them and cut off all hope of escape, if any such thing was in their minds. That this was a place of worship seemed reasonable to suppose from the number of white-robed people who at that moment were either entering it through its wide-open portals between columns of shimmering metal, or wending their way toward it along every street, and also because of a white smoke which rose through an opening in the roof, as if from an altar fire. To further confirm such a belief, the faint sound of sweet music arose in the air from the interior of the building, mingled with the sonorous chanting of many voices.

CHAPTER IX.—Worship of the Setting Sun.

When the crowd of natives with their prisoners reached the foot of the main street, which led directly up to the portals of the central building, they came to a pause, and their cries ceased like magic. It seemed as though an invisible wall held them back at the very portals of the Silver City. All but the men who held the arms of the prisoners, and stood immovable like so many graven images, prostrated themselves in the shrubbery in attitudes of reverence. The two boys stood almost together on the very edge of the creamy white pavement and watched the white-robed inhabitants of the Silver City walking singly and in groups up the wide steps of the dome-crowned edifice. They seemed to be a higher order of people from the dark-skinned, athletic and lightly-clad men who had captured the visitors to the valley. But the boys were not near enough to form any idea of their personality. There seemed to be no doubt, however, that the prisoners would shortly be brought face to face with those who were in authority over the buried city.

At last every white-robed man and woman had entered the building, which the boys afterward learned was the Temple of the Sun, and a stillness like that of death fell upon the valley for several minutes. Then, as if from a preconcerted signal, a paean of praise rose from the throat of every person within the temple. While the glow of the setting sun lingered upon the snow-clad peak of far-away Illimani the chant continued. At it died away into a purple tint the weird song subsided in intensity. At length the light faded entirely away from the glacier, and then silence fell once more upon the temple and valley alike. A dense white vapor ascended heavenward through openings in the dome, and the still evening air became loaded with a sweet-smelling incense. Once more rose the street chorus of young girls mingled with the chant of the priests. As the cadence rose and fell, like the swelling and receding notes of some great organ in a vast church, the boys seemed to forget their unusual and ticklish surroundings in the wonderful impressiveness of the invisible service they were listening to. One girlish soprano voice soared above all the others, of unparalleled sweetness

and power, every note as clear as a silver bell, and as Frank listened to it his emotioned nature was stirred to its very depths, while his eyes grew humid and moist.

That voice maintained its supremacy to the last, dropping in exact proportion as the chorus and chant dropped, and its last liquid note trembled on the air and vibrated through the valley on the wings of the silence which succeeded. Then the white-robed people issued in a stream from the temple, but instead of dispersing they gathered in a mass in the immediate vicinity of the building. A score, perhaps, of white-clad girls next came out, but instead of descending the steps, as the others had done, they spread themselves out along the portico. A white-haired man made his appearance with a measured stride. An immense ruby, surrounded by a glittering array of almost priceless diamonds, flashed from the center of the diadem which encircled his venerable brow. His bare arms were ornamented with a pair of massive circlets of solid beaten gold. Similar bands, but not so heavy, surrounded his wrists, and these were thickly studded with jewels. Over a white attire similar to that worn by the other people was a sort of vestment on which was emblazoned in brilliant tints the figure of the sun, with rays projecting from it in every direction. This figure astonishing as it may seem, was fashioned entirely of topaz and rubies, and was a wonderful piece of handiwork.

Following on the heels of the old man came six men of varying ages, all dressed exactly like the priest, but in a much less impressive way, and in a descending scale to correspond with their rank. The rank and file of the inhabitants bowed their heads in token of respect for these exalted personages as they passed out of the temple and finally paused on the lowest step. The prisoners and their native conductors could barely see this ceremony from where they stood, owing to the gathering darkness and the distance which intervened.

At some signal from the high priest a score of boys sprang out of the temple with flashing torches and took their places in certain elevated positions, the glare of their lights throwing a weird radiance upon the scene. A second signal came from the priest, and a dozen strong-limbed young men came forward and bowed one knee before him. The priest issued some command to them. Instantly they arose, turned around, and marched in a body rapidly down the main street toward the spot where the natives and their prisoners were drawn up in silent array. They halted on the inner edge of the pavement while one of their number, a handsome lad of perhaps eighteen, whose brow was encircled with a narrow golden band without ornament, while his companions wore silver ones, advanced and addressed the natives in a tone strange to the prisoners' ears, but musical and pleasing. A stalwart native advanced a foot and replied in a language somewhat similar, though harsher in tone. While talking he pointed to the prisoners, and seemed to be giving an account of how they had appeared in the valley. When he had concluded and fallen back among his fellows, the young man advanced and looked closely at each of the prisoners. His gaze rested longest on the handsome, manly countenance of Frank Dudley, who met his

look unflinchingly, like the fearless lad he was. The young man finally tapped Frank on the breast and motioned to him to come forward. His attitude seemed almost friendly, and the boy obeyed. Then in turn he tapped Arthur, Manuel, the guide, and, last of all, the sullen-faced Sancho, and ordered them in pantomime to fall in behind Frank in single file, which they did, Manuel and Sancho most unwillingly.

At a signal the other young men closed in around them, and then the party started up the white paved street toward the portal of the temple, where the high priest stood, with his assistants around him in a semi-circle, the girls on the steps behind, with one of their number, a young virgin of surpassing loveliness, whose jeweled diadem flashed in the light of the torches, a step in advance. As the prisoners came within the glow cast by the torches they had a good view of the congregated inhabitants of the Silver City. In color they were many degrees lighter than the native population of the valley, who appeared to be slaves or serfs of the better class. Their attire was composed of spotless white robes, without sleeves, gathered at the waist by a stiff cloth girdle of the same color. The only difference between the male and female dress was that the latter was longer, reaching quite to the ankles, and more voluminous in its folds, while it was much lower in the neck. The men wore plain silver armlets and wristbands; the women jeweled ones. Each wore a silver band around the forehead, without ornamentation. This was the costume of the majority. There were others whose headbands, armlets and bracelets were ornamented with precious stones in keeping with their rank in the community. This select body stood on the right hand of the high priest and his assistants. The prisoners were lined up before the high priest for inspection, as it were. He looked at each critically, his gaze dwelling longer on Frank and Arthur than on Manuel and Sancho.

Finally he addressed himself to Dudley in a rich and musical tone. Frank understood not a word he said. Nevertheless, he replied in good English, though convinced that his words would be equally unintelligible to the priest. The religious head of the Silver City listened attentively and then motioned Frank aside, speaking some words to the handsome young man, who at once placed himself beside his prisoner. The high priest then spoke to Arthur, and having listened to his reply, assigned another of the young men to take charge of him. Manuel, the guide, now came in for his share of attention. His reply was in Spanish, and a frown gathered upon the face of the priest. When Sancho also answered in Spanish, the frown became darkened. The high priest issued some orders to the other young men. They formed close about the guide and his associate and marched them off down the street to where the natives were still waiting. Manuel and Sancho were turned over to them, and the whole crowd set off with their two prisoners, shrieking, and talking, and gesticulating violently. The high priest now made a signal, and the inhabitants began to melt away in groups to their several homes. The girls, with the single exception of the beautiful one in advance, disappeared into the temple. The high priest fol-

SEEKING A LOST TREASURE

lowed by his assistants, moved in solemn procession up to one of the sections of the building. There the six priests parted from the high priest, who entered the edifice, and returning in a body, entered the other side sections of the temple building. All the torch-bearers but one vanished; he accompanied the beautiful girl down to where Frank and Arthur stood beside the two young men. Her glance rested a moment on Frank's face, and the boy thought her the loveliest girl he had ever seen in his life. That was also Arthur's opinion. Preceded by the torch-bearer, she walked to the house on the eastern side of the temple and entered it. The handsome young man indicated to Frank in friendly pantomime that he was to accompany him. He led the way to the same house, and soon Dudley stood within the portals of one of the buildings of the Silver City, while at the same moment Arthur Hale was introduced by the other young man to one of the dwellings close by.

CHAPTER X.—The Temple and Treasure.

Frank soon had evidence that he was not to be treated like a prisoner, and he felt exceedingly gratified and relieved. He found himself in a large, square room, furnished with stone seats and lounges, equipped with soft stuffed coverings. It was the main or reception room of the house. Doors covered with a white flowing drapery led to other rooms beyond. The roof was open to the air, being divided in four sections by stone cross-pieces supported by a central column that was highly polished till it shone like burnished silver. A circular stone table surrounded this column, and here the meals of the household were served twice a day. Frank subsequently discovered that the general furnishings of the house were on a much more comfortable scale than he had had any idea at first. The handsome young man, whose name he subsequently discovered was Rollo, tried to impress the fact upon him in pantomime that he was to make himself at home. Frank appeared to grasp his meaning, and smiled gratefully. By the young man's orders a meal was specially prepared for him by a native girl, for the family dinner was over two hours before. It was served on silver plates, and, whatever it was composed of, it proved quite palatable to the boy. When he had finished, and the dishes had been taken away, the beautiful young girl, whom Frank subsequently found out was the young man's sister, appeared with an odd kind of stringed instrument, and she sang and played in a manner so ravishing as to quite astonish our young hero. He recognized her voice as the soprano which had led in the service in the temple at sunset, though on this occasion she sang so low that the sound did not penetrate to any great distance. Both brother and sister acted in an exceedingly friendly manner toward their visitor, though of course all their communication with him had to be carried on in pantomime. At nine o'clock Frank was shown to an inner room, also open to the sky, where he found a comfortable lounge, on which he rested through the night. Next morning he breakfasted with the brother and sister, and thereby understood

that their parents were probably dead, and they the sole occupants of the house. After the meal he sat for an hour with the girl, whose name was Alma, each trying to make themselves understood by the other. They met with poor success, but the girl seemed to take great delight out of the tete-a-tete, laughing musically at their blunders, and at the same time casting many an admiring glance at the handsome young American. By and by Rollo reappeared and motioned Frank to follow him. When the boy took up his hat, Alma took it from him and examined it closely, with exclamations of surprise. She put it on her own shapely head and looked at her brother roguishly, whereat Rollo smiled in a pleased way, but shook his head as if he did not particularly approve of the effect it produced in her.

She then placed it on her brother's head and danced gleefully around him. All this proved very amusing to Frank, who was obliged to admit that the hat was not an improvement to the attire of the Silver City people. Alma then removed her brother's headband and placed it on Frank's head, noting the effect with critical earnestness. Evidently she greatly preferred it to the American hat. After that Rollo and his guest left the house and came out on the broad, white street. The sun was already several hours high, but it would not shine down into the valley until nearly noon, and then but for a short time, so hidden was the Silver City in the depths of the range.

The morning services, which took place exactly at sunrise, were gone through while Frank lay asleep, consequently he had no knowledge of the fact. The inhabitants of the Silver City were either strolling through their white thoroughfares or seated in their reception rooms entertaining one another or friends who dropped in to visit them. Rollo led Frank to the third house from his own, and there Arthur was found. The two boys were glad to meet each other again.

"Well, old man, how did you get on since we were obliged to separate last night?" inquired Art.

"First class," replied Frank, thinking of the lovely girl who had laid herself out to make things cheerful for him.

"Glad to hear it," replied Arthur. "The people of the Silver City do not seem to be such bad persons as we feared they were at first."

"I should say they're not," answered Frank, emphatically.

"The question that interests me very much is, what do they really mean to do with us? So far they've treated me as if I was a nob. Is this thing going to be kept up? And will they allow us to leave the valley when we express an intention to do so? You know what that ancient mariner said—though I still maintain that he was a great liar—that he was the only white man who ever saw the hidden city of the Andes and lived to tell the tale. I think he said that the people treated him in fine shape, but that their ultimate intentions toward him were of a sinister nature—they proposed, if I remember rightly, to serve him up at a certain time as a sacrifice to their gods. I hope we're not in for anything like that, chum. It would be altogether too rough on us."

"I don't think there is any danger of that

thing happening," reassured Frank. "These people seem very far from being blood-thirsty, either in their religion or otherwise."

"It is to be hoped you are right. But how about Fred? Is he a prisoner here, too?"

"I couldn't tell you," replied Frank. "I don't see how we're going to find out, as we can't converse with those people, or make ourselves understood except by signs, which is a universal, but not altogether satisfactory, language."

"It worked pretty well between me and that chap who seems to have charge of me," said Arthur. "We got along famously."

"Then if you're such an expert pantomimist, go and try your luck on him with reference to Fred."

Arthur seemed doubtful about the experiment, but he was willing to try, as he was eager to hear some tidings about their English friend. The young man's name was Alazan, though, of course, the boys had no way of knowing that. Alazan and Rollo were conversing together when Arthur interrupted them with his pantomimic efforts. They both watched his motions attentively. Art began by holding up one finger and then pointing at Frank; a second finger, and then pointing to himself; a third finger, and pointing in the direction of the mountain tunnel. After that he looked inquiringly at Alazan.

"I'm afraid it won't work," said Frank, as he saw the perplexed expression on the young man's face.

Alazan said something to Rollo, and Rollo answered; but it was clear they had not grasped the idea Arthur was trying to convey. Finally Alazan shook his head.

"That settles it, Art. Your pantomime is too rocky for any one to translate."

Arthur made another attempt, with variations, but with no better success.

"I give it up," he said.

In a few minutes both Rollo and Alazan started for the street, motioning the boys to follow. Their object was soon apparent. They intended to show Frank and Arthur all that was to be seen of the Silver City. They took them up one street and down another, and finally led them back to the Temple of the Sun. They were permitted a peep into the dome-room, where the religious services were held twice a day—at the rising and the setting of the sun. The room was truly a magnificent one. The walls were thickly studded with gold and silver plates and protuberant ornaments of the same metals; and exquisite imitations of human and other figures, and also of plants, fashioned with perfect accuracy in gold and silver, were to be seen at regular intervals. Hidden among the metallic foliage, or creeping among the roots, were many brilliantly colored birds, serpents, lizards, etc., made chiefly of precious stones. On the western wall, and opposite the eastern portal, was a splendid representation of the sun, the god of the Incas. It consisted of a human face in gold, with innumerable golden rays branching from it; and when the beams of the sun fell upon the golden disc as it did for a short time almost every day, they were reflected from it as from a mirror, and again reflected through the whole temple by the numberless plates, cornices, bands, and images of gold, until the temple seemed to glow with a sunshine more intense than

that of nature. It was under these conditions that Frank and Arthur saw the temple, and the impression it left on their minds was never wiped out. After leaving the temple, the young men took the boys to the treasure room, and here their eyes were fairly dazzled with the display of jewels and lumps of beaten gold and silver with which the room was fairly crowded. There were several men at work here fashioning bead bands, bracelets, and a score of other articles out of the precious metals, and incrusting some of them with precious stones. This room had no opening on the outer air, but its entrance through the interior of the temple building was just as open and unguarded as the doorway of any house in the Silver City. Evidently such a crime as stealing was not known in the place.

"Well, I'd be satisfied to consider my fortune made if I owned half that is here," returned Arthur, almost enviously.

"Don't worry; you're not likely to own it," laughed Frank; and with these words he and Art, followed by their conductors, left the treasure room of the temple.

CHAPTER XI.—Planning to Escape.

"What are we going to do about Fred?" asked Arthur, when they got outside of the temple. "We can't stay here when there's a possibility that he's lost in the range somewhere. It's our duty to hunt him up."

"That's right," responded Frank, "if these people will let us go. I don't like the way they treated Manuel and Sancho last night. It seemed to me that that high priest who runs things here turned them over to the Indians, and from the racket those chaps made I don't believe they meant any good to our guide and his companion. It seems to me that, in spite of the fine way they are treating us, we are actually prisoners."

The boys talked the matter over on the way back to Rollo's house, and finally agreed to try and make their young hosts understand that they wanted to return by the way they came. Frank made the first move by giving Rollo to understand by pantomime that he wanted his friends to remain with him. This worked satisfactorily up to the general dinner hour in Silver City, which seemed to be about half-past four. At that hour Alazan called for Arthur, and he had to accompany him to his home. Frank, Rollo and Alma ate dinner together. After the meal Rollo went out, leaving his sister to entertain Frank. Frank and Arthur were both left entirely to themselves while all the inhabitants were at worship, and they took advantage of the fact to come together at the entrance to the Rollo home.

"The best thing we can do," said Frank, "will be to get up early to-morrow, and, while the people are all at the temple for morning worship, and nobody on the watch, make a break for the tunnel and get a hustle on for the monastery of the Black Brotherhood."

This proposal suited Arthur, and the matter was so decided. Both boys awoke just before sunrise, but kept to their rooms until the coast was clear, and then they came together on the street and started for the end of the valley.

Everything went well with them until they reached the mouth of the tunnel, which they located without much difficulty. They were already congratulating themselves on their good luck when their way was suddenly barred by two stalwart natives, who had been lying in the grass near the tunnel, apparently on guard. The natives pounced on them, though without violence, and marched them back to the portals of the Silver City, where they motioned them to return toward the temple. The boys obeyed, much crest-fallen and disappointed.

"What chumps we are," cried Arthur, angrily. "We might have shot those two chaps and have made our escape."

Frank's disappointment was so apparent that Alma looked sad. Every day for more than a week Frank repeated his desire to leave the Silver City with his companions, but met with the same negative reply.

"It was the 3d of August when we came into this valley," said Frank, one morning, "and we've been here now ten days."

"And likely to stay ten weeks or months, or even years," growled Art in a discontented tone. "We were fools ever to think of penetrating down into the depths of the Andes in our crazy search for a lost treasure. You remember the priest at the couvent at La Paz told us that many persons went in search of this place and no one, other than the two monks one hundred and sixteen years ago, ever returned to relate their adventures; and the monks in question did not find the Silver City, but merely some of the ornaments of the inhabitants, which are now in the convent museum."

"That's right," nodded Frank. "If any of those searchers actually reached this city, as we have done, they were either detained indefinitely or put out of the way altogether."

"We haven't seen a thing of Manuel or Sancho since they were separated from us the night we were captured. They were turned over to the Indians, who are a fierce-looking lot, and pretty low in the human scale, I should judge. I wouldn't be surprised to learn that the rascal had done them up. It's funny how the people of the city, who appear to be entirely unarmed, can keep such a wild lot in subjection. They don't dare pass the city limits, in spite of the fact that they possess ugly looking spars and are uncommonly strong. They seem to do all the work for the Silver City people. The men till the fields and carry burdens, while each family in the town has one of their young women to do the cooking and housework."

"It must be religious fear that holds them down. They've no doubt always been slaves, and they can't get away from that fact."

"Mr. Leslie has of course got back to La Paz before this, and I am sure he will use extraordinary efforts to find his son, as well as us, for whose safety he must consider himself responsible. Of course, if Fred did not find his way back to the monastery of the Black Brotherhood within a short time, there is little doubt but he lost himself in these mountains and has long before this perished of starvation."

"As the exit by the tunnel seems to be constantly guarded, we must try to get out of this forsaken spot some other way," said Frank. "We

must watch our chance, provide ourselves with food to carry, and then seek some other outlet up the range."

"That's a pretty desperate risk," replied Art; "but I'm ready to attempt it when you say the word, for I don't care to stay here indefinitely."

"The chief risk is that we'll be lost in the fastness of the Andes the moment we leave the valley," replied Frank.

"We'll always have Mount Illimani for a guide. We know that La Paz is only twenty-five miles to the west of it. All we'll have to do is to make for the La Paz Valley and—"

"It's easy to talk, Art; but to make our way two miles or more up these mountains, by the roundabout way we'll have to take, will be enough to try our nerves and endurance to the utmost. Still I don't see that there is any other way left for us to escape. Whether we survive the ordeal will be as much a question of luck as anything else."

"I'll take the chance any time rather than stay here. I have had all I want of the Silver City."

And there the matter rested for the time being.

CHAPTER XII.—The Dawn of Love.

On the following day the boys, while walking about the suburbs of the Silver City, noticed a commotion up the valley. Their hearts suddenly beat quickly, at the thought that this might be a rescue party in search of them. Their hopes dropped when they made out a party of Indians advancing with shouts towards the city. It looked as if more intruders into the hidden valley had been caught in the act, just as they had been.

"Some more unfortunates, I suppose," remarked Frank. "Can it be possible that this is Mr. Leslie and his searchers?"

It appeared, however, that there was only one prisoner this time, and the boys were not kept long in suspense as to his identity. To the lad's surprise, and we might almost say delight, they recognized Fred Leslie. Not that they were glad to find him a prisoner, too, on the principle that misery loves company, but because of the great relief they felt to know at last that their English friend had not perished of hunger and thirst in the mountains. Still he looked something of a wreck, as if he and hard luck had lately been on close terms.

His captors halted, as was their custom, on the edge of the town limits not far from where Frank and Arthur stood, and uttered peculiar outcries that were supposed to be signals indicating the cause of their presence there. Frank and Arthur deserted Rollo and Alazan in a twinkling and rushed up to Fred with outstretched arms. They expected he would be astonished to find them there, but he was not.

"Hello, dear boys!" exclaimed Fred, with a cheerful smile on his good-looking countenance. "They've caught me at last, just as they did you."

"Why, how did you know we were here?" asked the others in a breath, clearly astonished by his words.

"Oh, I knew. I was hiding near those two houses down yonder when you two, with Manuel and Sancho, came up the valley, and I tried to

warn you of what was ahead of you, for I knew those three chaps that faced you first were concealed in the grass. Before I could do anything the crowd of Indians rushed out upon you and the mischief was done."

"And have you been in the valley ever since?" asked Frank.

"I have. I hid in one of those houses during the day, and foraged for provisions at night. I've tried my best to reach the tunnel so as to get away and bring back an expedition to effect your rescue. But it was no use. The place is under guard, night and day now since you were captured in order, I suppose, to prevent you from leaving the valley."

"Now that you have been taken, too, there is no chance that your father will be able to learn of our fate."

"I'm afraid not," replied Fred, soberly. "However, we must try and effect our escape on the sly at the first chance."

At this moment a messenger came from the temple to conduct the prisoner into the presence of the high priest. Frank and Arthur insisted on going with their friend, and Rollo and Alazan offered no objection, though they accompanied their guests. The priest seemed surprised to see another boy of the same color as the other prisoners, as we may as well call them. Rollo stepped forward to tell him that the newcomer was a friend of the others. The result was Fred was placed in charge of a young man of the same grade as Alazan, and allowed the same liberty of action that was accorded to Frank and Arthur. After that, except at night and during meals, no restriction was placed upon the three lads, being in each other's company as often and as long as they pleased. They spent the larger part of their time devising means of escape, though they pretended to gradually fall into the ways and habits of the inhabitants of the Silver City. Thus several weeks elapsed without any opportunity occurring to favor their strike out for liberty. Frank unconsciously became more and more interested in the fair Peruvian girl, and gradually devoted a larger portion of his time to her society. Frank by slow degrees picked up bits of the dialect of the Silver City people, and Alma helped him to acquire this knowledge by the most patient endeavor. Frank believed that if he could learn to talk with Rollo and Alma even a little bit at a time, he would greatly benefit not only himself but his companions as well.

"Well," said Fred one morning to Frank, "how long have we been in the valley now? You've been keeping a record, I believe."

Frank consulted his memorandum book and announced that that day was the first of October, and consequently they had been prisoners in the valley for two months lacking three days.

"And we seem to be as far from making our escape as we were the day we came here," said Arthur, with a resigned air. "I wonder if our fathers have given us up as lost," he added, soberly. "Poor dad and mam—they must be in a sad way over my disappearance."

This reflection was a damper on the boy's spirits for a while, but gradually the effect wore off as they began to consider fresh plans for deliverance.

"How are you getting on with the language?"

asked Fred at last. "You ought to make good progress under such a beautiful teacher as you have."

Frank colored; for, to say the truth, he was beginning to take an uncommon interest in Alma, and was even experiencing twinges of reluctance at the thought of leaving her, as it must be if he escaped, for ever.

"Oh, rather slow," he replied. "It's pretty hard work, but I'm doing my best."

After that Frank devoted more time to learning the dialect, while the other boys wandered around the valley together, picking up points looking to their final exit from the place. Frank, however, was learning something more than the language of Silver City from Alma, and she was also acquiring from him new thoughts and feelings. The more they were in each other's company the more they wanted to be. One night, after the boys had been four months in the valley, Frank and Alma were sitting alone in the early twilight after she had returned from the sunset service, during which Frank had sat with his companions at the door of the Rollo home more than usually entranced under the influence of her pure soprano voice as it floated out of the temple on the afternoon air. Fred and Arthur had been telling him of certain discoveries they had made that day, which promised to open the road to freedom to them, and they were jubilant over the fact.

Apparently the hour when he must part with Alma was close at hand, and this thought made him somber and silent. The girl detected the change in his manner instantly and viewed it with great concern.

It was the universal language of love that flashed from his limpid eyes as they looked into his, and the thrill that went through Frank's veins showed that in spirit at least they understood each other. Forgetful of every other consideration except the fact that he cared for this girl more than any other being in the world, even his father, he suddenly threw his arms around her, and drawing her to him kissed her on the lips. Alma uttered a cry and started back in a startled way, and this action on her part brought Frank to his senses. He started to apologize in English, forgetting she could not understand, but he soon saw that she was not offended. For a moment she covered her eyes with her hands, then stood trembling like a little child before him. He grasped one of her hands and carried it to his lips without the least resistance on her part. Then he stepped back and held out his arms to her. She looked up, gazed into his face with eyes that shone like twin stars, hesitated and then, with a modest reluctance that well became her, she raised her own arms and placed them in his with head slightly bent. He did not know that by this act she had, according to the Inca custom, sacredly pledged herself to him forever. But what he did realize was that she loved him unresistingly, and as she laid her shapely head on his shoulder, he felt that he was supremely happy.

CHAPTER XIII.—Wedded in the Temple of the Sun.

Next morning Rollo met Frank with a beaming eye, and putting one arm around the boy's neck

saluted him with a kiss on the forehead. At first Frank was greatly surprised at this greeting, but when Alma entered the room and her brother, taking her by the hand, led her blushing but happily up to the young American and joined their hands, Frank then understood that the beautiful girl had told Rollo the secret that was so dear to her. The lovers, as we must call them, were left alone until breakfast was put on the table, and then Rollo joined them. For some days after that Frank was unusually reserved with his companions. They told him of the preparations they were making for their escape. Of the food they had got possession of and hidden in a rocky cave, and other arrangements, all looking toward the fulfillment of their hopes. They were surprised to notice that the enthusiasm he had formerly displayed in the matter seemed to have melted away.

"What's the matter with you, old chap?" asked Fred, inquiringly. "One would think you had ceased to care whether you ever got away from the hidden city of the Andes."

But Frank was in no humor to gratify their curiosity, and soon after he left them to rejoin Alma in the house.

"I'll tell you what's the matter with him," said Arthur, with a slight grin. "He's dead gone on that girl, and that's all there is to it. I hope it won't queer the business for us."

"I can't say I blame him," replied Fred. "She's a deuced pretty girl, upon my word she is. But he'll forget all about her when we get back to civilization."

A few days after that an unexpected denouement happened. It was the hour of the service of the setting sun, and the three boys were sitting by themselves in their usual meeting spot, the doorway of the Rollo house. The sun was set, the incense had floated out on the evening air, and the chanting of the priests, mingled with Alma's wonderful soprano, had died away into silence. The boys were looking to see the people of the Silver City pour out of the temple, as was their custom at the close of the service. It was Rollo, and he came directly over to his home.

"Come," he said, marching up to the surprised Dudley, and putting his arm around his neck. "You must go with me to the temple."

Frank understood him and rose to his feet, but he was nevertheless astonished, for he had learned that no one but a believer in the Inca faith was permitted in the temple when the priests and people were gathered there. Nevertheless, he could only obey Rolo's request, which was practically an order.

"What's up now?" asked Arthur, uneasily, as he and Fred watched their companion depart with Rollo and then ascend the steps into the temple. "I don't like the looks of it for a copper cent."

"It's a mystery to me," answered Fred. "I hope they don't mean him any harm."

Arthur insisted that it had a sinister look.

"Something out of the ordinary is going to happen," he said. "The people haven't come out as usual. There's some new ceremony about to take place in the temple. And Frank is going to have a part in it. I don't like to say what I think."

And while they talked in a way that showed

their uneasiness, the chanting of the priests and the chorus of the young girls was resumed, but the soprano voice of Alma was missing. Then once more came a solemn silence that filled Fred and Arthur with fresh anxiety. It was succeeded with a burst of song from the entire congregation of the temple, which continued several minutes. Then came a cloud of incense floating through the holes in the silver dome, and the chorus of the girls and chanting of the priests were renewed. When this had died away the people came flocking out, but instead of dispersing as usual they formed in two lines from the temple to the edge of the Rollo property.

"Gee whiz!" cried Art, in astonishment, "what's this, any way?"

Out from the temple came the bevy of chorus girls singing a simple air, and throwing flowers and sprays of green leaves in front of them as they walked down the lane formed by the people. Immediately behind them followed Frank Dudley and Alma hand in hand, the girl decked in flowers from head to foot, through which her jeweled diadem and ornaments flashed in the light of numberless torches.

"Suffering sixpence!" gasped Arthur, to the amazed Fred. "It looks like a wedding show."

Behind Frank and Alma walked Rollo, and behind him his six personal friends. As the short procession passed along the people shouted and waved their arms, and seemed to be delighted beyond measure. Then as the Rollo home was reached the procession paused and Alazan and his friend, who had charge of Arthur and Fred, came forward and beckoned the two boys to come along. They did so and were accorded a position on either side of Rollo himself. The procession then moved on again. It passed three times around the temple, the high priest and his assistants standing on the steps to view it, and then it mounted to a big gathering hall in the southern wing of the building. Here were tables spread with fruit and nuts, and silver flagons of a liquor resembling a rich cordial. All the inhabitants of the Silver City crowded in after the principal participants of the show, and for an hour there was a species of high jinks, with Frank and Alma as the head and front of it all.

"Say," whispered Art to Fred, "do you think Frank has been married to that girl?"

"Well, it looks mighty like it, doesn't it," replied Fred.

"He never gave us a hint about such a thing coming off."

"I don't believe he knew anything about it himself till that chap, Rollo, came and walked him off to the temple."

"That's rather a sudden way of ringing in on a fellow, don't you think?"

"Rather; but probably that's the way they do things in this town."

At the close of the feast the high priest apared, clothed in his ordinary attire, without the glittering vestment he wore during the religious services. He made a short speech to the bride and groom of this singular wedding, and then presented Alma with a magnificent necklace of alternate diamonds and rubies, the pendant being a solid gold ornament in which stood an uncommonly fine solitaire. To Dudley he presented a pair of heavy gold bracelets and a gold ring.

with a large and particularly fine ruby. It was the custom of the Incas that the bride, and groom, with such friends as they selected, should spend the marriage night in the sacred cave of the Sun. Accordingly, when the high priest withdrew, Alma selected her brother; and she succeeded in making Frank understand that he could choose his two friends, which he did. Surrounded by torch bearers, they made their way to the cave in the great mountain to the east of the city. Here the five were left for the night.

The cave was partly natural and partly hewn out of solid rock. An immense figure of the sun was cut on one of the walls. There was nothing else in the place but a long stone seat directly under the image of the sun, and on this the five seated themselves, Rollo next to his sister while Arthur and Fred sat alongside of Frank.

"Are we to stay here all night in this fashion?" asked Arthur, thinking how uncomfortable it was going to be.

Frank spoke to Alma in her native tongue, though he was not very successful at it as yet, and she gave him to understand that all were to remain until the sun rose, and Frank passed the information on to his friends.

"So you're really married to Rollo's sister, are you?" asked Arthur.

"According to the Inca custom, I am," he answered.

"You've caught a dandy wife all right; but how is this going to effect your escape from the valley? We are almost ready to light out."

"I mean to take Alma with me."

"But will she go? Will she leave her brother and—"

He never completed the sentence, for just then, without the least warning, the ground began to rock and heave in the throes of a great earthquake, alongside of which all the others the boys had felt since they came to South America were like flea bites.

CHAPTER XIV.—Conclusion.

Consternation ensued among the five young people in the cave. They would have rushed forth into the air, but in the glare of the falling torches they saw the whole front of the cavern fall in with a fearful crash. Alma uttered a thrilling scream and threw her arms around her young husband. There she hung limp and insensible in his arms. A second and then a third unheaval followed the first, until in their terror it seemed as if the mountains were falling in about their heads. A fourth and last shock dislodged a good bit of the debris from the mouth of the cave, but those inside did not know it. They crouched about in total darkness, expecting nothing short of a terrible death. The movement of the earth finally subsided, and absolute stillness reigned once more over the face of nature. How they passed that long and fearsome night the boys never knew. It was as if they had been stunned by the awful concussions and thunderous noises which they had felt and heard during the intervals of that quarter of an hour while the earthquake lasted. Alma recovered her senses after a time and lay trembling and unnerved in Frank's arms.

At last morning dawned, and then the occupants of the sacred sun-cave saw that they were not buried alive as they had feared they were. The cavern was badly shattered, the front of it being completely demolished, but there was a large opening through which they were able to make their way into the open air. Then an astonishing sight met their startled vision—a sight that brought cries of acute despair to the lips of Rollo and his sister as they stood gazing across the valley. Where was the Silver City of the night before? Gone from sight. Vanished as the dew before the morning sun. It was buried under heaps of rocky debris. And with it had disappeared every man, woman and child who dwelt within at the moment the earthquake swooped down on the devoted valley.

As soon as Frank recovered from his astonishment he devoted his efforts to comforting Alma and his brother, but it was some time before their spirits became at all composed. Alma clung to her young husband in a truly pathetic manner, while Rollo looked on the site of the now truly buried city like one in a dream, his head bowed under the grief of the awful trial. As Alma wouldn't let Frank from her side, Fred and Arthur went forth together to ascertain how things stood in the valley with reference to their escape from the place. They were gone for more than an hour, and when they returned they brought what they considered remarkable news.

First, they had discovered the storehouse of the Silver City in the hills, filled with dried cereals and fruits. Second, the earthquake had opened up to view a swiftly flowing underground river, which they believed led to the Pacific Ocean. Third, caught in the bight of the bank, they had discovered a flat-bottomed boat, in good condition and laden with empty petroleum cans, that must at some time have come down from the lower part of the La Paz valley. Fourth, they had found that a great crevasse had opened in the valley, cutting off all approach to the mouth of the long mountain tunnel. The only feasible way of escape that they could see lay in trusting themselves to the boat and floating in it down to its outlet. And this proposition they laid before Frank with the expectation that it would meet with his approval.

The two boys had each brought with them an armful of dried fruit and cakes, prepared by the Indians, of powdered meal which had been mixed with water and baked. When the boys had satisfied their appetites the party set out for the spot where the boat was lying in the indentation of the underground bank. While Frank was examining her, Rollo and Alma sat together with arms entwined, entirely oblivious of what was going on. The cans were removed from the boat, and a number of them washed out and dried with grass to make them suitable to hold a quantity of provisions to support the little party for a week or two. By noon everything was in readiness for them to embark on the underground river.

Long before this Rollo and his sister had picked their way over the broken ground to the ruins of the Silver City and could be seen sitting on the stones of that portion of the temple building which alone appeared above the surface of the ground. Frank went out to let them know that the time was come when they must leave the

valley and their dead race forever. Before speaking to them Dudley walked slowly about the ruins of the temple. The sun was now shining down into the hidden valley, and its rays, shooting into the solitary section of the former magnificent building that was not wholly buried from sight, were reflected back from a thousand brilliant objects. For a moment or two Frank was puzzled to account for this strange circumstance until he discovered to his astonishment that he was gazing down into the treasure-room of the buried city.

Instantly it occurred to his mind that it would be foolish of them not to secure for their subsequent benefit as much of this wealth as it was possible for them to carry away with safety in the flatboat. He signaled to Arthur and Fred to come out there. The two boys did, and were equally astonished at the sight Frank pointed out to them. Preparations were immediately made to secure the treasure. It took the rest of the day to clean out the balance of the cans and fill them partly full of gems and blocks of pure gold and a small quantity of silver. The treasure was carefully packed and covered with thick grass, the jewels alone filling several cans. All were distributed about the boat so as to maintain a proper balance. It was just sundown when they finished their last meal in the valley and were ready to go. By this time Alma and Rollo were resigned to their great loss.

The last rays of the sun lay upon the snow-capped tip of Mount Illimani, and toward that point Rollo and Alma faced. They both began to sing a mournful requiem to the departed souls of their people. It was a sad and weird melody, and as the three boys listened to it in respectful silence the tears came into their eyes. Especially was this the case with Frank. Alma's clear soprano voice rose palpitatingly on the air, as it did the first night he had listened to it while he and Arthur stood in the mirst of their Indian captors on the edge of the Silver City. But it was a different strain now—a strain the boys could never afterward forget. At last it ceased and the hidden valley of the Andes had heard it for the last time.

Brother and sister stood a while in prayer; then Alma, leaving Rollo's side, walked up to Frank and placed her hands in his confidingly, as much as to say: Henceforth your people are my people; to your care my brother and I confide ourselves. Five days later the flatboat shot out into a wide valley baked by the foothills of the Andes and faced by the Pacific Ocean. Here they found plenty evidence of civilization, and, hauling in at a village, they succeeded in finding

a man who could speak English fairly well. From him Frank ascertained that the Peruvian port of Mollendo, where they had disembarked for their trip to La Paz five months before—for the date was now December 18—was only fifty miles to the north. Arrangements were made to have the flatboat towed to that port, and four days later they entered the harbor of Mollendo. While Fred and Arthur remained to guard the treasure on the flatboat, Frank escorted Rollo and Alma to the best hotel in town. Their singular dress, as well as their personal beauty, attracted great attention along the streets and at the hotel.

Frank as soon as possible called on the mayor and gave a rough outline of the adventures he and his two friends had been through since leaving La Paz to inspect the convent of the Black Brotherhood in the Andes. The boy learned that their mysterious disappearance had been published throughout southern Peru and the State of Bolivia, and that the government of the latter State had been searching for them for months without success. Mr. Leslie was at La Paz, hoping almost against hope. A dispatch was at once sent to him that the boys had turned up safe and sound at Mollendo, and he hastened to that town as fast as traveling facilities could carry him. Telegraph messages were also forwarded to Frank Dudley's father at Colon, on the Isthmus, and to Arthur Hale's parents, in New York. Before leaving Mollendo for Panama, Alma and her brother were persuaded to assume the regulation costume of civilized communities and to lay aside their splendid headbands and other articles of adornment not in keeping with modern style.

A portion of the treasure was disposed of in Mollendo, the amount realized being over \$100,000, and the balance was boxed and conveyed to San Francisco, en route to New York, where the bulk of it was sold, and something over a million in money received in exchange, which was equally divided among the boys and the last two survivors of the Inca race. Frank and Alma were regularly married at his father's Irvington home, and with Rollo for their constant companion, took up their residence there. Fred Leslie subsequently returned to England with his father, and during the summer of that year Frank and Alma, accompanied by Arthur and Rollo, visited them at their Surrey estate. It was a happy reunion for the young people, who frequently recalled their adventure in South America when Seeking a Lost Treasure.

Next week's issue will contain "MATT, THE MECHANIC; or, THE BOY WHO MADE HIS FILE."

CURRENT NEWS

SALT LAKE CHIMNEYS HIGHER THAN AT SEA LEVEL

Chimneys and smoke stacks in Salt Lake City must be built from 10 to 20 per cent. higher than is necessary at sea level because of the diminished atmospheric pressure.

TONS OF FISH SMOTHERED UNDER ICE

Tons of fish were smothered in Glenmere Lake, Orange County, N. Y., last winter by ice which covered the lake from shore to shore, according to a report in the *Scientific American*. The ice was more than two feet thick, and on this was a foot or more of snow. When a hole was cut through the ice thousands of dead fish came to the surface and were carried over the dam. Hundreds of live fish in search of air filled the holes which were cut.

OPEN LANDS TO VETERANS

More than 250,000 acres of public land in six Western States were ordered thrown open June 14, by the Interior Department for homestead entry to ex-service men of the World War. Exact dates for the filing of entries will be announced by the Land Office in the various States.

The tracts include 3,800 acres in Fresno County, Cal.; 33,000 acres in Montezuma County, Col.; 64,500 acres in Power County, Idaho; 37,500 acres in Phillips and Fergus Counties, Mont.; 19,500 acres in Teton County, Mont.; 44,000 acres in Emery, Wayne and Millard Counties, Utah; 59,000 acres in Carbon and Hot Springs Counties, Wyo.

DISHWASHING MAKES THE HANDS BEAUTIFUL

Mrs. Wilbur E. Fribley, State chairman of home economics of the Illinois Federation of Women's Clubs, Chicago, says dishwashing beautifies the hands instead of damaging them.

"Never use too strong a soap or chemical in the water," Mrs. Fribley advised. "Use mild soap, and apply a lotion afterward. Dishes can be done so daintily that it is a pleasure. Soft white hands will result. I venture to say that the poet who sang 'I was a lover of ladies' hands that were pale with the pallor of ivory' was talking of a lady who washed dishes. In fact, tradition attributes his finest verses to his love for a girl who worked in her mother's cafe."

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—OR—

THE ADVENTURES OF TWO BOY PROSPECTORS

By GASTON GARNE

CHAPTER III.

Jack Makes A Disagreeable Discovery.

All this was very plain, but in other places the ink had blurred by the wetting the map had received and it was impossible to make out the words.

But Fennister had deciphered enough.

His was a most adventurous spirit. Nothing could down him. The greater the difficulty the greater determination to overcome it this boy had ever displayed.

"I go all right even if I have to go alone," he declared, while talking it over that night.

"As I told you before, you won't have to go alone," replied Arthur. "There's nobody to interfere with me. If you decide to go I'm with you, but it won't do to forget your guardian. He may refuse his consent."

"That's to be thought of, surely, Arthur; but as he happens to be in Europe at present I don't propose to ask his consent."

"Oh, that's another part of speech! I didn't know. Shall you use your own car?"

"No; mine is not adapted to such work. I've got a few loose thousands in the bank; what I propose is to buy two cars and we will each drive one. This will give us a lot more stowage room. If one goes all to smash we can double up in the other. We can carry more food and water that way and bring out more gold."

"Sounds well. It wil cost you a pile of money, though."

"Never mind the cost," declared Jack. "My ambition is aroused. Others have safely crossed the Ralston desert in cars and there is no reason why we should fail. The only wonder is that Adams did not go back to his find."

"Probably his sufferings were so great that he could not bring himself to it," replied Arthur, "but now let's turn in. If we are to break camp in the morning, as you propose, we want to get a good night's sleep."

Camp was broken accordingly, and the boys ran the big motor boat back to Seattle without mishap.

Jack now began preparations for his journey. The cars were selected after much debate and the utmost care was used in the matter of tires. Everything which could be possibly needed in the way of tools was provided, also clothes suitable for both cold and warm weather, for it was now September and there was no telling to what elevations it might be necessary to ascend. As for the Ralston desert itself, it is always warm there; but as the memoranda on the edge of the map, so far as it could be deciphered, made no allu-

sion to climatic conditions, Jack resolved to be prepared for anything.

At last the day came to say good-by to old friends and to make a start.

Arthur's principal leave-taking was with his girl, Fanny Russell, and he spent the final evening with her. Jack as yet had no girl, nor did he at all approve of Arthur's selection.

"Fan's a regular little flirt," he said to himself more than once. "Art will find it out some of these fine days or I'm greatly mistaken."

Be that as it might, Miss Russell was by no means poor, and it was Jack himself who had introduced them. Not that there was any engagement. Fanny always pulled back if Arthur seemed dangerously near popping the question.

It was necessary to cover much grounds before reaching the point of beginning which was the city of Reno, Nevada.

The boys ran the cars down through Washington and Oregon and took up the Nevada road in California.

It was a long run and took time, but to the great satisfaction of our boy prospectors the cars stood it well, proving to be all that had been claimed for them, nevertheless there were punctured tires to contend with, as might have been expected, and various other delays. At last just at evening they ran into Reno, where they put up at the Empire Hotel.

Arthur went directly to their rooms to wash up, but Jack remained a few minutes in the office to consult a large wall map of Nevada, the biggest he had ever seen.

Two gentlemen came up behind him and began studying it, too.

"Here you are," remarked one presently. "It's this mountain which resembles a camel, and it really does. I've seen it. If he hits that he's all right. This dry lake bottom is fourteen miles due east."

Jack pricked up his ears on the instant, as will be believed.

The men seemed well-to-do persons, in fact gentlemen.

Jack continued to study the map, listening to their talk.

"It may be just money thrown away," continued one, "but I'm always ready to take a chance. You see, I know this man Adams personally. I also know that he actually did go prospecting in the Ralston desert five years ago. The young fellow is plucky and knows his business. If he can't find this dry lake bottom, then no one can."

"How did he get hold of the secret?" the other asked.

"Through some woman, I believe," replied the other, and the pair walked away.

Jack was furious.

He and Arthur had made a sworn compact to mention the matter to no one.

But had Arthur broken his agreement?

It was not safe to jump at any such hasty conclusion. For all Jack Fennister knew Budd might have told his story to a hundred women and have shown the map to as many.

(To be continued)

NEWS FROM EVERYWHERE

TOOTHACHE MADE HIM EMBEZZLER

Two years ago Stanley Evans, 25, of 860 107th avenue, Woodhaven, Queens, falsified his books of the security firm of Bonbright & Co., 25 Nassau street, because he had a toothache and needed \$100 for the dentist. Since then he has embezzled \$6,000, the police say he told them when he was arrested on a charge of grand larceny made by his employers. He bet on races with the money, he said, but never won a bet.

Evans was arraigned in the Tombs Court before Magistrate Alexander Brough, who held him in \$2,500 bail for examination. Detectives said that the clerk's method of obtaining the firm's money was to make out vouchers for cash, spend a part of this on the object for which it was obtained and keep back the remainder, entering only the part legitimately spent in his books.

TARANTULA OUSTS TRADERS

A crowd of customers was watching the stock quotations being chalked up on a blackboard in front of the offices of Eisle & King, 9 Clinton street, Newark, N. J., the other afternoon when an enormous tarantula, said by ordinarily reliable citizens to have been fully six inches across, climbed over the board, poking its long hairy feelers ahead of it. The crowd fled to the other side of the street. The man with the chalk became panicky and backed off a dozen yards. The tarantula clearly had the upper hand.

Then came Dr. James T. Wrightson of 25 Walnut street, who was taking a new bowl home, he clapped the bowl over the tarantula and in a moment held it captive. He presented it to the Newark Museum, where all who never have seen a live tarantula may view it any time. How it came to be in the financial district of Newark is a mystery, for it is the type of black, fuzzy spider that flourishes best in the semi-desert country of Arizona and New Mexico.

DEATH PITS OF THE AGES

Preservation for scientific investigation by biologists of the asphalt beds of Kern County, California, in the belief that "they are the death pits of the ages" for birds and animals, is advocated by Dr. William Bebb, curator of the dental museum of Northwestern University here, following a three months' inspection of the area.

Dr. Bebb found many well-preserved skulls, he said, and has brought back to his collection a skull identified as that of the saber-tooth tiger. The tooth extended about five inches below the lower jaw.

It was these saber-teeth, intended by nature as a weapon, that ultimately caused the extinction of the animal, Dr. Bebb said, because, as the teeth increased in size, eating became difficult and the species died off.

The asphalt beds were described as a mire for birds and beasts which, once involved in the sticky beds, floundered about and slowly sank until covered.

ANY ONE MAY LIVE 150 YEARS

Somebody once advanced the theory that a man is only as old as he feels, and then came the question of how long should a man live before he begins to feel old. It's all a matter of relativity (no connection with the Einstein theory). At the age of ten, we're young in comparison with our fathers, but we're old alongside our three-year-old sister. According to the latest scientific information, the man of fifty isn't old. In fact, he really hasn't reached the prime of life yet. He has ahead of him one hundred years—a century—of activity, and no man with that great span of life ahead could be said to be old.

Dr. Josiah Oldfield, English scientist, says the ripe old age of 150 years may be reached by any one who will follow the prescribed formula of diet. Coarse bread, porridge, buttermilk, vegetables, butter, cheese and home-brew will do the work, he says, and adds that maybe the home-brew could be left out of the diet without changing the effects greatly. Vitamines in the barley that is used in old home-brewed ale are largely responsible for the general good health of the average Englishman during the last 500 years, Dr. Oldfield believes.

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INTERESTING RADIO NEWS

A TINY SET

Charles Plewinski of Philadelphia has made a complete radio set to fit inside a peanut shell. "The shell can receive music and talks at a distance of at least eleven miles," says Charles.

WAIVE RADIO MUSIC FEES

That music publishers allow radio stations to broadcast copyrighted music without paying fees until broadcasting reaches a commercial stage, was recommended recently by a committee of the Music Publishers' Association of the United States, of No. 105 West 40th street, New York City, N. Y.

The publishers were asked to waive their strict rights, partly because radio is regarded as a contribution to the popularizing of music. The recommendation has been adopted by the association, though none of its members are bound by it.

NEW WAVE LENGTHS

A change in radio broadcasting of great interest to all who are using radio receiving sets went into effect on May 15 through an agreement among operators of twenty radio stations for use of the new wave lengths made available by the Department of Commerce. These new wave lengths will make it feasible for listeners in the local area to make a choice of their evening's entertainment from a list of half a dozen programs, instead of two programs.

The new ruling of the Department of Commerce provides three classifications. Class A stations will be those using power not in excess of 500 watts. Class B stations will be those using in excess of 500 watts but willing to comply with the rules drawn, with a view to broadcasting only high-grade programs. Class C will include those stations which desire to keep to the old 360 meter wave lengths.

"DEAD SPOTS" IN RADIO TRANSMISSION

Government scientists are trying to determine the cause of "dead spots" between a number of cities in the United States which form an almost impenetrable barrier to the direct exchange of radio messages.

The most pronounced of these appears to be between Washington and Baltimore. To get a message to this point, less than forty miles distant, Washington senders are using Chicago and other comparatively remote cities as a relay point. The pleasures of radio concerts are almost completely lost between the two cities.

Dr. J. H. Wellinger, Chief of the Radio Division of the Bureau of Standards, who is trying to fathom the mystery, reports that a similar difficulty exists between Pittsburgh and Cleveland, Hartford and Boston, and Providence and Boston. The most plausible theory now advanced, Dr. Dellingen says, is the existence of a radio activity

in these dead spots which so affects certain layers of the atmosphere as to render transmission of radio waves impossible.

In the case between Washington and Baltimore, theories advanced in either quarters are that the dead spot may be caused by the electric railway line between the cities, by the numerous high tension cables and conduits between them, or by the topography of the country.

PICK-UP DEVICES.

With the radio audience growing more and more critical regarding the rendition of radio programs, it has been necessary for radio broadcasters to devote no little attention to their microphones or "pick-up" devices. In the early days of broadcasting, not so long ago, considerable attention was devoted to the acoustical properties of the studio, particularly troublesome sound reflections or echo, until this phase of the new art was finally mastered. However, it has been found that the microphone or "pick-up" device is the main link between the studio and the radio audience, and no matter how perfect the studio may be and no matter how flawless may be the music at the studio end, the microphone or "pick-up" stands in the way. The usual carbon microphone is far from an ideal "pick-up" device. It misses many notes because its diaphragm, having a natural period or tone of its own, cannot be expected to vibrate over the wide range of frequencies encountered in a musical program. Furthermore, its mechanism is somewhat "heavy" and represents considerable inertia to rapid oscillations. The question of natural period also applies to the condenser "pick-up" device, in which the vibration of a diaphragm causes a change in the capacity of the modulating circuit in accordance with the sound values. The General Electric engineers have been experimenting with the pallo-photo-phone device, which is also employed for recording sounds on a motion picture film by means of a photographic record. In the case of radio broadcasting, the pallo-photo-phone adaptation consists of a very sensitive diaphragm attached to a tiny mirror, which projects a beam of light on to a photo-electric or "light sensitive" cell. The cell, of course, forms part of the modulator equipment which, in turn, controls the transmitter. It so happens that the pallo-photo-phone diaphragm and mirror are so light and sensitive that they will pick up sounds which would be lost when using the heavier diaphragm and cumbersome mechanism of the usual microphone. Recently the Westinghouse broadcasters have been experimenting with the glow discharge pick-up device of Dr. Phillip Thomas of the Westinghouse research laboratory. In this "pick-up" device a high voltage glow discharge takes place continuously between an upper electrode and a lower electrode, the spark of the discharge being exposed to the sound waves. This ingenious device has no natural period and reproduces tones running from a frequency of 60 to 6,000 with ab-

solute truthfulness. Any one listening to KDKA during tests of the glow discharge transmitter, will immediately note the marked quality of the emitted music.

ELECTRONS FROM HOT FILAMENTS

When metals are heated in high vacuum electrons, or atoms of negative electricity, evaporate from their surfaces. If there is another electrode in the evacuated space to which a positive charge is given the electrons drift over to this electrode (anode) so that a current flows between the two electrodes. The electron emissions from a large number of different materials have recently been measured, according to *Electrical World*. The thoriated tungsten cathode gives a current at a temperature of 1,500 degrees absolute, which is about 130,000 times greater than that secured from ordinary tungsten. Some of the cathode materials have even greater emissions. In order to get all the current that a cathode is capable of giving, it is necessary to apply to the anode a high voltage to overcome what is known as the space charge effect. By putting gases inside the tubes positive ions are formed in the space between the electrodes by bombardment, and these neutralize the negative space charge and allow the current from the cathode to pass across the space with much lower anode voltages. The effect of gases, therefore, is to increase the current-carrying capacity of the two. The thoriated tungsten filament is a tungstan filament containing 1 per cent. or 2 per cent. of thorium, usually in the form of an oxide. When such a filament is heated to about 3,500 degrees Centigrade, a little of the thorium oxide is changed into metallic thorium. In the meantime, however, any thorium on the surface of the filament evaporates, leaving only pure tungsten. If the filament is then lowered to about 1,800 degrees, the thorium gradually wanders or diffuses through the filament, and when it reaches the surface, if the vacuum is quite perfect, remains there and gradually forms a layer of thorium atoms which never exceeds a single atom in thickness. The thickness of this film is therefore about one one-hundred-millionth of an inch, and yet this film increases the electron emission of the filament about 130,000 times.

RANGE

When consideration is given to the distance a transmitting station will radiate signals or to the operating radius of a receiving set, it is important to make a distinction between the reliable range and the variable or occasional range, says the Brooklyn Eagle. It is necessary, therefore, when specifying the range of either transmitting or receiving sets to use the reliable range over which the set will operate under normal conditions, rather than the occasional range, which under particularly advantageous conditions have provided distances of transmission or reception many times in excess of the average distance which has been conservatively estimated.

The range of a receiving set depends in a large measure upon local conditions, whether it is located in open country with but few inter-

posing obstacles to absorb the radio waves, or whether it is surrounded by lofty buildings constructed on frameworks of steel.

The single, well constructed receiver employing a crystal detector and using a single wire antenna approximately 100 feet in length, elevated at least 80 feet above the ground, has a daytime range of about 25 miles, while at night signals from much greater distances are easily received. The crystal detector does not possess the amplifying properties of the vacuum tube and consequently does not supply an equal intensity of signal.

If the crystal detector is replaced by the vacuum tube detector, the reliable operating radius of the set is increased to approximately 75 miles, and there is considerable improvement in the receiving qualities due to the sensitive properties and amplifying action of the tube which secures louder music or speech.

A simple regenerative receiver or the "tickler coil" or "tuned plate" type using an outdoor antenna will cover a distance of approximately 100 miles. The increased range obtained by regeneration is due to the fact that a circuit of this type is practically the equivalent of a simple non-regenerative circuit to which has been added one stage of radio frequency amplification.

When it is desired to receive the signals from a distance of 200 miles or more it is necessary to employ two stages of audio frequency amplification. Signals having sufficient energy to actuate the detector are thus rendered audible by amplification, whereas without this form of magnification they would either be inaudible or barely heard. One stage of audio frequency amplification builds up the strength of the sounds from four to five times their normal intensity. The addition of the second stage amplifies the magnified sounds of the first stage four or five times more, thus producing sounds which have a resultant intensity of 15 to 25 times their normal strength. It is not advisable to add more than two stages of audio frequency amplification due to the fact that interfering sounds due to current variations or tube noises are amplified to such an extent as to prevent satisfactory signal reception.

The addition of two or three stages of radio frequency amplification inserted between the antenna and the detector provides a means of building up the strength of the feeble impulses, from a distant transmitting station, at the original frequency with which they were radiated through the ether. The minute amounts of energy are therefore increased to a strength sufficient to actuate the detector. An average operating radius of several hundred miles is available by this arrangement, which also permits the use of a loop antenna with its directional and interference-reducing properties.

It must be distinctly understood that the average ranges herein stated are based upon simple standard types of equipment operating under normal conditions and do not include the exceptional distances covered in many cases by special and unusual circuits performing under particularly advantageous conditions, as for example single tube receivers, which have clearly received broadcasted signals over distance of approximately 1,000 miles.

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NEW YORK, JULY 13, 1923

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ITEMS OF INTEREST

FLEAS DISPERSED WORKMEN

Fleas, millions of them, are holding up the installation of a heating plant in the subcellars of the Hospital of St. Louis, Paris. The plague appeared about a month ago when, after working for a half an hour under the ground, a score of laborers came out with their faces and arms bleeding. Acetylene lamps and sulphur torches failed to exterminate the invaders and the municipal laborators have been called in to provide a solution. Meanwhile, the laborers refuse to go down into the infested cellars, declaring that not only is their personal safety involved but they are unwilling to risk carrying the insects to their homes.

WHAT BECOMES OF PINS?

It has been stated on what is supposed to be good authority that the world's total output of pins is at the rate of 200,000,000 a day. If so, it may seem surprising that the world isn't becoming carpeted with pins. We know how easily they are lost—where do they go to? Most of them decay into nothingness, for actually the pin is not such a time defying article as it seems. Every pin dropped in a damp place soon turns into a few grains of rust. With new pins turned out by machinery in such immense numbers our grandmothers' maxims about picking up pins are forgotten, but in the fourteenth century, when pins were first introduced, they were valuable articles not to be lightly lost recalls *Everyday Science*. An old law permitted the sale of pins on only two days in the year, the first and second of January. It was then the custom of all the woman-folk to buy their pins for the following 12 months. As is still customary they went to their husbands or fathers for the wherewithal, and hence the term "pin money."

SUICIDELESS GAS

A favorite means of suicide will be destroyed if the invention of a British engineer is universally adopted. For a number of years the death rate from suicide by suffocation from illu-

minating gas has been comparatively high, as suicides rates go. Recently a British engineer, after three years of research, developed an illuminating gas that is utterly harmless. When substituted in the gas mains of an English town it was found that no ill effects were suffered by persons who purposely or accidentally inhaled the new illuminant, while its heating and lighting properties were not impaired. The inventor declares his new gas less costly than the old poisonous variety and its general adoption through Great Britain is expected.

Death by gas has been the most common means of suicide in England. The next most popular was liquid poisons, but government regulations have become more and more strict, so that it is difficult for the would-be suicide to buy poisons. One of the Government laws requires that poisons be put up in distinctive colors so as to preclude, in so far as is possible, the danger of them being taken by mistake.

Carbon monoxide is responsible for the many deaths from illuminating gas. In the newly developed illuminating gas carbon monoxide is present in a negligible quantity.

LAUGHS

Mother—Ethel, are you saving anything for a rainy day? Ethel—Yes, mother. I never wear my silk stockings around the house.

Small Elsie was standing at the window when it began to hail. "Oh, come and look, mamma," she exclaimed. "It's wainin' pills."

"Is he swayed by his prejudices?" "I should say so. Anyhow, he's the sort of a man who cheers when the ball hits the umpire on the shin."

Boy—I want another box of pills like I got for mother yesterday. Druggist—Did your mother say they were good? Boy—No; but they just fit my air-gun.

"Goodness, John," said a woman to her husband, "your suit looks as if you had been sleeping in it!" "Well," replied John, "why not? Isn't that the suit I wear at church?"

"Now, Albert," said the Sunday-school teacher, "can you tell me who Moses was?" "Yes, ma'am," replied the little fellow. "He was the only man who ever broke all the ten commandments at once."

"Mother, didn't you say that some one would get spanked if my new doll got broke?" "Yes, I did." "Then would you mind spanking dolly most severely, mamma? The naughty thing has just broken her arm!"

Old Lady (irritably)—Here, boy, I've been waiting some time to be waited on. Druggist's Boy—Yes, ma'am. What can I do for you? Old Lady—I want a 2-cent stamp. Druggist's Boy—Yes, ma'am. Will you have it licked or unlicked?

ITEMS OF GENERAL INTEREST

GIRL BITES DETECTIVE

Miss Dorothy Terry, who gave as her address 208 West Seventy-eighth street, New York, bit Miss Saddle Vreeland on the arm after she had been accused of stealing a two-piece silk bathing suit valued at \$25 from B. Altman's store in Fifth avenue, where Miss Vreeland is a store detective.

After biting Miss Vreeland she broke away and ran to Thirty-fifth street, where she boarded a Fifth avenue bus. She was pursued by Miss Vreeland, at whose request Detective John O'Brien of the East Thirty-fifth street station, who was on the bus, arrested Miss Terry. The prisoner was sent to the station house, charged with petty larceny and felonious assault.

PLATFORM HIDES TREASURE

More than \$300 in silver, dimes, quarters and halves, with pennies and nickels, was dug up by workmen getting ready for the opening of Norumbega Park, Boston. The silver mine was discovered when the men about to build a new platform in front of the ticket office took up the old planks and got their first glimpse of the shining silver. Also among the treasure were seven hatpins, two vanity cases, a lady's gold buckle garter and six jewelled pins.

General Manager Hanson of Norumbega explains the discovery by the fact that the platform had not been renewed for many years. During that time hundreds of thousands of people had purchased tickets there, and in their hurry dropped the coins, which fell between the cracks in the platform.

The Norumbega management allowed the men to keep the money, but the jewelry may be claimed at the park by those who can identify the same.

THE BEETLE GLUTTON

One of the most useful importations is an active green beetle—a tiger in the moth world. He is a special enemy of the gypsy moth, another unwelcome foreigner which has created such havoc from time to time in the farmer's fields.

For his size the beetle mentioned is a terrible creature. Beside him the pig is a beast of most delicate appetite. The green beetle would devour ten times his weight in gypsy moth caterpillars in a single day and be ready to repeat that performance on the morrow.

His two seasons of active life are a wild orgy of slaying and feasting. His span of life includes two summers of adult existence, representing less than five months of activity altogether; but during that time he will normally devour nearly 650 gypsy moth caterpillars or pupae as large as himself. A single pair of beetles have been observed to eat 2,000 caterpillars within eight weeks, gluttony almost beyond belief.

OLD MAINE HOMESTEAD

At Getchell's Corner, half way between Waterville and Augusta, stands the old Getchell homestead, built more than 158 years ago.

When Benedict Arnold came up the Kennebec

on his expedition to Canada one of his bateaus capsized near Getchell's and several thousand dollars' worth of gold was lost. The following spring three of the Getchell boys went down and salvaged the gold and with it built this house.

The house is a big square building with an el attached in back. An ancient flagstone walk leads to the massive front door with a big brass knocker. Inside the scheme of decoration and furnishing is just as it was many years ago. Quaint furniture, ancient candlesticks and a big brass warming pan are of interest. The big doors were fashioned by hand and swung on LH hinges that the superstitious people of long ago put on. The LH stood then for "Lord Help Us and Keep Witches Away." The beams of the building are hewn and of huge proportion. The boards in many instances are two and three feet wide.

Upstairs there is a wonderful old bed made more than 200 years ago. The four posts are carved from walnut while overhead an arched canopy of white linen is arranged.

Hundreds of autoists pass this little village every day during the summer months but only a few of them realize the beauty and historical interest that are in that little plot of land less than a mile square.

REINDEER DRIVERS EXCELL WITH LASSO

More skillful even than the cowboys of the West in the use of the lasso are the Eskimos of Alaska, according to Capt. Joseph Bernard, Arctic explorer, in an address at Loyola College, Montreal, June 2. Captain Bernard expressed admiration for the way the Eskimos, time and again, could pick out a reindeer in the middle of a closely packed herd and send the noose over its antlers without touching any of the surrounding animals.

The Captain declared there is little democracy among the primitive Eskimos, especially those in Siberia. There, he said, a man may have as many wives as he can support. His wives form an index to the amount of his possessions.

Fine, tasty deer meat could be had in part of the North for \$7 for 160 pounds, or a little over 4 cents a pound.

As there is practically no tree growth there the natives make their sleighs largely from driftwood, which they lash together.

The explorer remarked on the vast difference which he found existed between the natives of North Siberia and those of Alaska. Twenty years ago, he said, they were the same, but now the Alaskans are prosperous, intelligent, honest, and easy to trade with, while the Eskimo subjects of Russia, over the straits, are degenerate and wholly untrustworthy.

The Alaskan Eskimos have churches and schools; they can read and write, and are on a general equality with the class of whites in that district.

The whole difference the speaker ascribed to the different policies of the American and the Russian Governments. The former believes in education while the other simply neglects it.

INTERESTING NEWS ARTICLES

COMPARE YOUR LIFE TO A TREE'S LIFE

Human beings cannot compete with trees in the matter of longevity, but human beings are more fortunate than trees up to certain ages, according to mortality tables. A forest at maturity contains about 5 per cent. of all the trees that have started life there. The percentage of persons living from ten to fifty is much greater than in the case of trees. About 95 per cent. of trees die before they are eighty years old, while only 87 per cent. of persons will die before reaching that age.

But when it comes to trees 100 years of age and over, it is necessary to go back to Biblical history to find human beings who compare with them in length of years. Methuselah and Noah were far ahead of the majority of common trees as centenarians, but no man or no nation has lived as long as have the sequoia trees. The sequoia attains an age of above 4,000 years.

A spruce tree in a forest requires about 4 square feet of space; at 40 years, 34 square feet; at 60 years 70, and at 100 years, 150 square feet. Pine trees are said to demand at least 15 per cent. more light space than spruce and nearly 40 per cent. more than fir trees.

In some natural pine forests, where the trees grow very close together, statistics show that more than 4,000 trees per acre die between the ages of ten and eighty, and that only 300 out of the remainder die between the ages of eighty and 100. With some this natural dying proceeds faster than with others. With pine, birch, aspen and all species which demand a great deal of light, the death rate is enormous. The spruce, beech, fir and, generally speaking, all species which are satisfied with less light are not affected so seriously.

NATIVES IN PAPUA WEAR SCANT CLOTHING

Papua, better known as New Guinea, is no place for a manufacturer of woman's waists, nor for a shirtmaker, a haberdasher, nor a hatter. Any one of them would go into bankruptcy in less than no time.

For an interesting reform which is now enforced in Papua is that the natives must not wear clothes above the belt line and there are about 200 natives to every white in a territory 92,000 square miles in extent.

This rather primitive dress regulation was laid down recently to conserve the Papuans' health, according to J. H. P. Murray, who is a brother of Prof. Gelbert Murray, Lieutenant Governor of Papua, and he has been in New Guinea for seventeen years.

"We do not permit men or women to wear clothing on the upper part of the body," said Mr. Murray to a reporter. "A man at work may wear trousers and, if he pleases, boots or shoes. A woman wears a petticoat and, sometimes, a frock. We enforced this rule after careful investigation and it is heartily approved by all the missionaries in the island, of whatever creed. It

used to be the other way; the missionaries insisted that the native women and men clothe themselves, but experience has shown that to the native in that climate any superfluous clothing is harmful, even dangerous.

"The population of Papua, which was decreasing, is now rising," added Mr. Murray. "But there are only 275,000 natives and 1,200 to 1,300 whites in all the great island. One thing we did was to offer a bonus for native babies. The Papuans objected to large families, two children was the limit. Women with more were regarded with contempt. Now, if a woman has four living children, her husband's tax is remitted and she receives an annual bonus of \$1.25 with 25 cents more for each additional child. The idea is to make the mother of a large family a person of importance."

EARTHQUAKES MAY BE LOCATED

Earthquakes have long been classified as a thing of mystery and a study forever. The chief trouble lies in the fact that earthquakes don't operate on schedule. Day after day and week after week, even month after month, the geologists and other scientists visit the scene of the proposed earthquake, but in vain. The earth doesn't quake. Then, after they have given up hope and fail to appear on the observation job, along comes the quake, and finds them unprepared.

Scientists refuse to be thwarted again. They are preparing a quake all their own—one that will operate on schedule and that will furnish them with enough data, they hope, to enable them to calculate the speed of earth tremors and so locate the origin.

Twenty tons of high explosives are to be planted in a deserted mine one mile under the earth's surface. Delicate instruments are now being made and these will be placed at various distances from the scene of action. When all is in readiness, the high explosives will be discharged and the results noted.

Calculations based upon seismographic records are only approximate because the speed of the earth waves, corresponding to the wave lengths in radio, cannot be determined. The speed will be noted in the man-made quake, and it is hoped that sufficient data will be obtained to enable scientists to tell the exact location of a quake by the speed of the earth waves.

There are three lines of force emanating from a quake—two passing through the earth and one wave tremor that travels along the surface.

Still another result may be obtained. Some idea of the construction of the earth's interior may be gained by the experiment. There has been considerable discussion in the world of science on the composition of the interior of the earth. One theory is that rock formation abounds and another is that a molten yet composite mass exists. Scientists hope that their earthquake may shed some light upon the subject.

TROUT FIGHTS
FOR LIFE 35
MINUTES

A fishing record for New York waters was made the other day when a nineteen-pound brown trout was captured in Loon Lake, near Malone, N. Y., by A. E. Paye. The great fish gave its captor a long and wearing struggle before it surrendered its life.

Mr. Paye, one of the County Supervisors, was fishing in company with E. R. Hayes of Loon Lake, using an Archie spinner and minnow with a steel rod. When the fish struck it was realized that a large catch was hooked but the fishermen thought it was a "laker," which sometimes reaches large size in these waters. They were therefore greatly surprised when it proved to be a brown trout.

From the moment of the strike a battle was on. Again and again in repeated rushes the big fish ran out Mr. Paye's reels until nearly the whole of his line was in water, and at times the tackle was under perilous strain. The struggle lasted thirty-five minutes before the fish, in exhaustion, gave up. Mr. Paye has entered his prize in a contest for a reel offered by a Malone firm.

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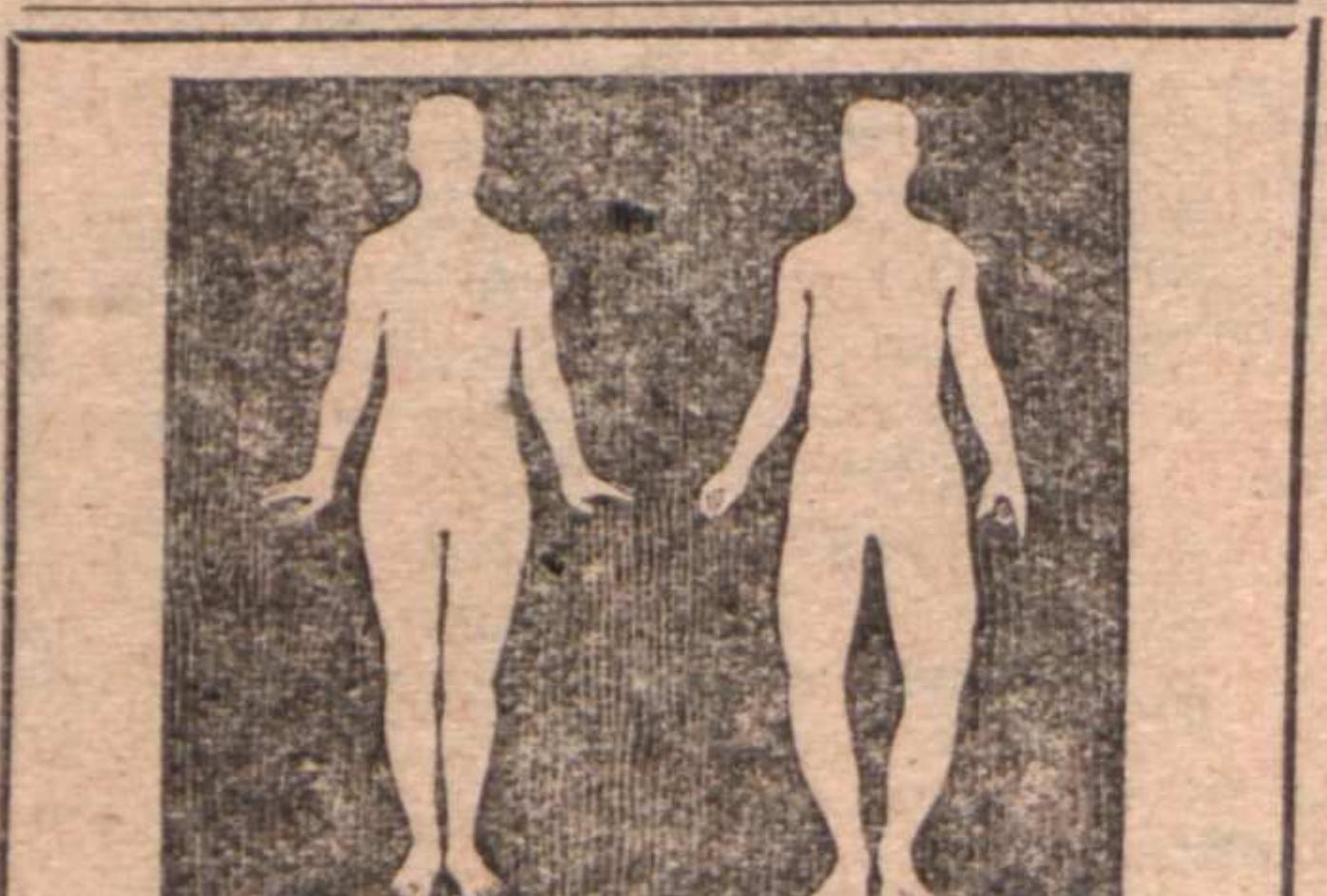
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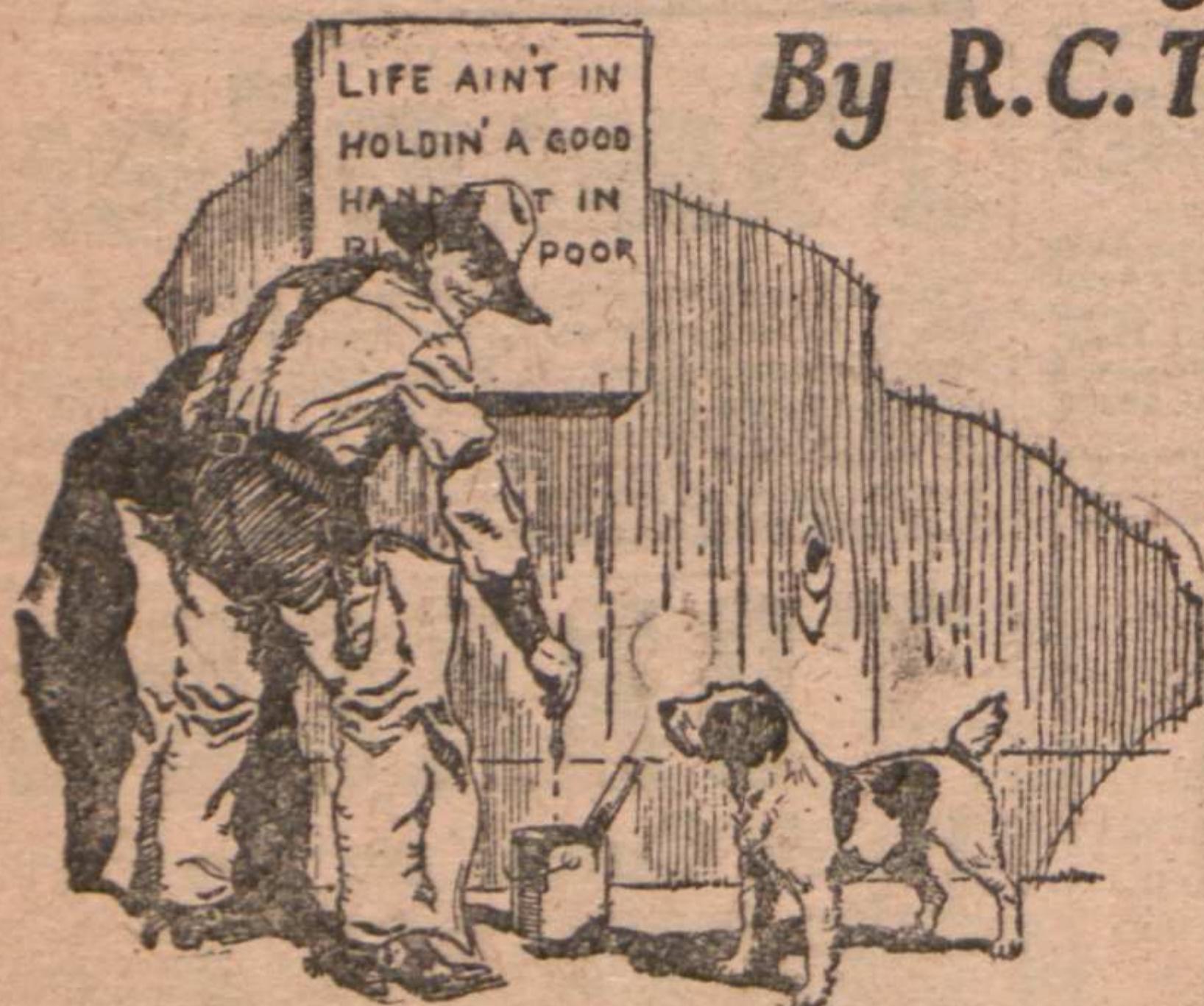
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"Life Ain't in Holdin' a Good Hand, but in Playin' a Poor Hand Well"

By R.C. Templeton



THERE IS NO FINER THING IN THE WORLD than courage. It is the warm and beautiful flame which lights the fires of ambition in every man's soul and burns a forward path through every difficulty.

It is easy to be courageous when the odds are in your favor. But the greater hero is the man who smiles a brave smile when days are darkest and keeps on fighting toward the ultimate goal—"to the last a warrior unafraid."

As Grantland Rice so beautifully expresses it:—

"God grant that in the strife and stress
Which all must face who linger here—
Upon the Field of Hopelessness
Or with the laurel swinging near,
Upon the world's red firing line
The battle of the strong and weak—
The fate of all the Fates be mine—
I will not show the Yellow Streak.

If Fortune play me false or fair—
If, from the shadowlands I creep
Up to the heights and linger there,
Or topple downward to the deep—
On up the rugged path of fame,
Where one man falls—another mounts;
God grant that I play out the game,
For there is nothing else that counts."

As the old cowboy saying goes—"Life ain't in holdin' a good hand, but in playin' a poor hand well."

What if you did have to leave school when you were but a boy! What if you have been working for years at a small salary with little or no chance for advancement! Do you think that makes any difference to a real fighter?

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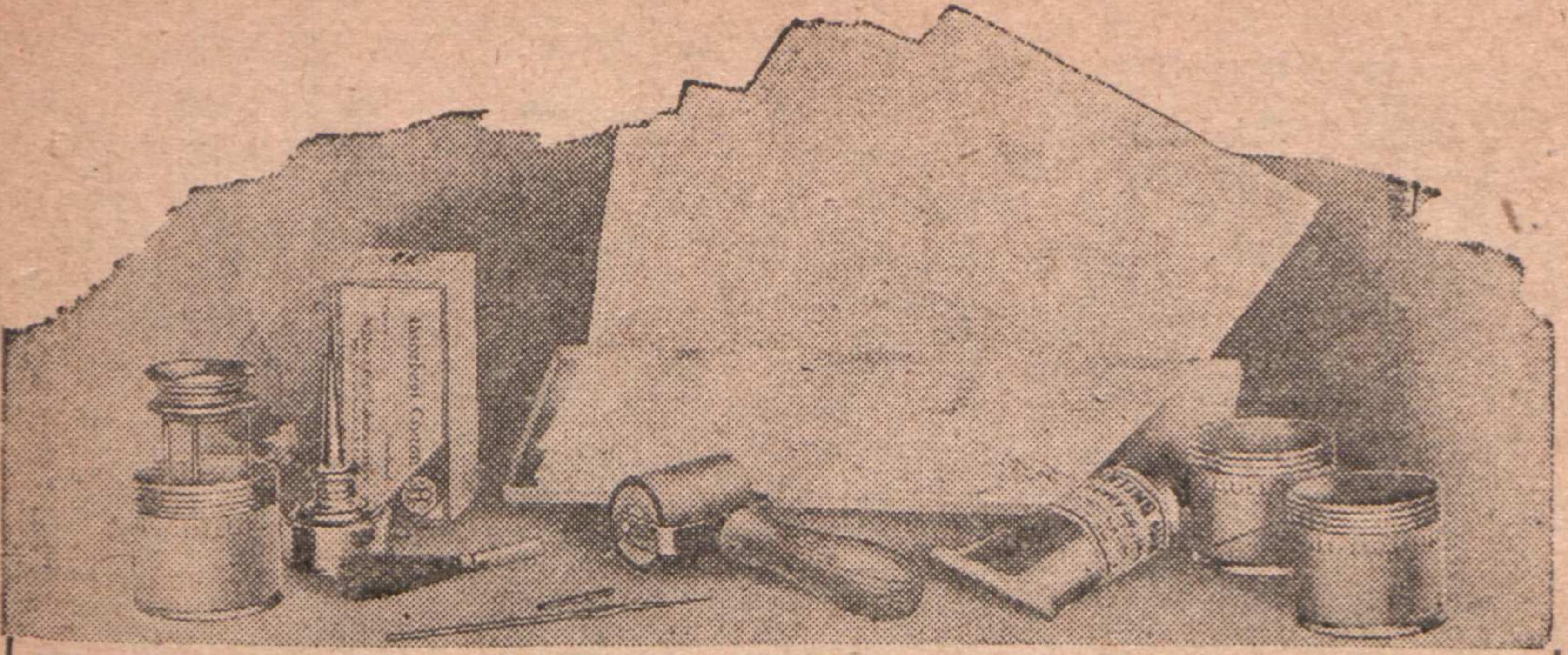
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